

The TATLER

Vol. CLIII. No. 1996.

London
September 27, 1939

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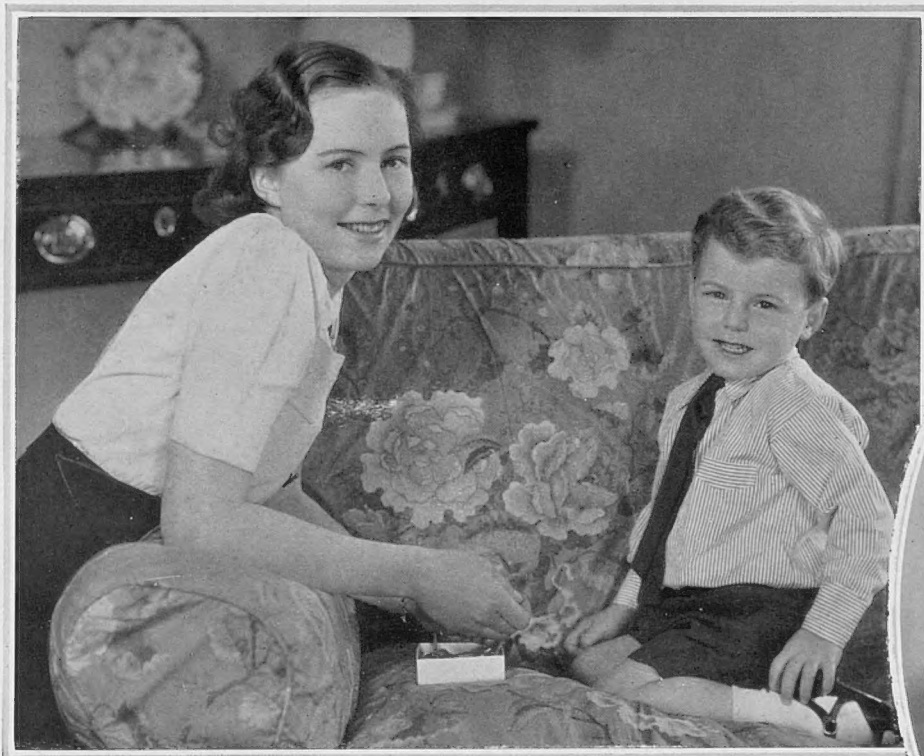
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Photo: Cecil Beaton

MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY—A NEW PORTRAIT

Mrs. Edgar Brassey is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar Hugh Brassey, M.V.O., brother of Lord Brassey, and late commanding officer of the 1st Life Guards. Mrs. Brassey is a daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. R. Trefusis, son of the nineteenth Lord Clinton, who married Lady Mary Montagu-Douglas-Scott, daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. Colonel Brassey was, in 1927, High Sheriff of Wiltshire, in which county he and Mrs. Brassey live at Chippenham. Their son Hugh, who is in the Royal Scots Greys, was married in July to Miss Joyce Kingscote.



THE HON. MRS. RICHARD ALASTAIR ERSKINE AND HER SON DUNCAN

Bassano

A new at-home study of the wife of Lord Erskine's second son and of their little boy Duncan Fitzgerald, who was born in 1936. Before her marriage in 1933, the Hon. Mrs. Erskine was Miss Patricia Norbury, daughter of Major P. F. Norbury, of the Lench House, Stratford-on-Avon

ACCORDING to one of the most fascinating long books of the year, "The Great Duke of Buckingham" (eminently suitable for present reading with its parallels to be drawn between the troubled transitions of the seventeenth century and our detestable twentieth), James VI and I, who loved horses as much as books, "argued that hunting was good for the health and therefore good for the country." As every one knows, this odd, ugly monarch was a learned scholar and an amusing rhymster, as well as an ardent sportsman. It is only comparatively recently that intellectuals were segregated from "flannell'd fools," first by Victorian social conventions bred in the upper middle classishness of public schools, then by such silly Freudian labels as extrovert and introvert, until the man who excels in contrasting spheres, the man of parts, has almost disappeared from a world of specialists who, becoming one-sided, like trees in a prevailing wind, lose their mind's health. So King James would have rejoiced and may be rejoicing for all we know, at the present decision to continue hunting, in a small way, in many parts of the country. Fields will consist of women and children for the most part, and older men, but there are people who, like Sir Delves ("Jock") Broughton, do not feel inclined to pursue their favourite sport so long as the war lasts. They have not the heart for it.

* * *

Shooting continues spasmodically in Scotland, for the pot and to avoid grouse disease. London has no conception of the changes which the war has brought already in the country, especially in Scotland where such an enormous number of evacuated had to be accommodated in a relatively small area. My gossips (using this noun in the goodly crony

And the World said—



Bertram Park

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Lady Elisabeth Townshend, sister of the Marquess Townshend, is to marry Mr. Eric Meadows, second son of Sir Robert White, Bt., and Lady White, of Boulge Hall, Suffolk



A SOLDIER'S WEDDING

Brother officers formed a guard of honour at the wedding last week of Mr. H. L. Savill Young, Irish Guards, to Miss N. de Vere Ponsonby, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Ponsonby, of Kilcooley Abbey, Thurles, Ireland, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

sense it had in King James's day) all say one thing alike before diverging: "You can have no idea of the filth, stench and horrors which have to be endured by householders, great and small, from the mansion house to my keeper's cottage (my keeper's wife has had a nervous breakdown, and I don't blame her) owing to the habits of the slum children. Lice is the least of our troubles, and I leave the rest to your imagination." So writes an Argyllshire laird, the same story in different words coming from Perthshire and other places. Every one is amazed and horrified that such a state of physical degradation can exist in 1939. A further indictment of the slums, where conditions present no inducement to live decently, it also exposes the shortcomings of the educational system on which tax payers' money has been squandered for years. Until this eye-opener, the majority of Scotland's taxpayers were under the impression that children in the cities received as good an education as the country children. The behaviour and backwardness, to put it mildly, of these poor little townees shows how little has been done to elevate them; so "where does the money go?" becomes a burning question, and in so much as the horrors of slumdom and the shortcomings of officialdom are aired

and remedied, this enormous evacuation will bear good fruit. It may even draw numbers back to the land, if they take a taste for it young enough. Many older evacuees have gone back to Glasgow already, which does not look so good on paper, but why pretend that all in the transplanted garden is rosy, and as Lord Hugh Cecil says, "Every one should be encouraged to say, 'After all, it does not matter if I am killed.'" The majority have shaken down which is as good as could be hoped for. There are comic scenes among homesick Glaswegians, standing about bored to death beneath the noble beeches at Sir Kay Muir's Blair Drummond (which may become a hospital later) and in the cool green park of Kippendavie, their "Wee Macgregor" faces nostalgic with longing for a street corner to stand about on. The Scots are great stand-abouters, and Glasgow wit has a pavement edge to it. Mrs. McGrigor of Kippendavie bathes her young visitors and supervises their meals herself. Mrs. Stirling of Keir, who might be called the Perthshire queen of the brave new world of white aprons and starched cuffs, is ready for Keir's metamorphosis into a hospital. Lady "Bettie" Hay-Drummond, *née* Eglinton, is going to run their place, Cromlix, as a convalescent home. The Duke and Duchess of Atholl have more than two hundred evacuated on the Blair estate, with some sixty in the castle. The children do lessons on the lawns, W.P., and both "Bardie" and the "wee Duchess" are working like good-hearted furies. The duchess is Perthshire's president of the Scottish branch of the Red Cross. Laura, Lady Lovat (proud co-grandparent with the Broughtons and again a grandmother to the Eldons' new son) holds the same office in Inverness-shire; the Dowager ("Gainsborough") Lady Airlie in Angus; Gwendolin, Lady Sempill (whose elder daughter, popular "Peggy," is an instructor in the women's R.A.F.) in Aberdeenshire; and Mrs. MacLean of Ardgour (who has five daughters all Gaelic-speaking) in Argyll. "Muriel Ardgour" is an assiduous member of its county council and the pride of the first Lord Inverclyde's progeny. Also working overtime, but among evacuated children, is Mrs. Tatton Bardwell, who nursed her brother, the Captain of Dunstaffnage, for many months. He is still an invalid after a painful encounter with a lorry, but hopes to recover sufficiently to put his Russian,

in the island stock. Dunstaffnage, who was to have been senior steward of the Argyllshire Gathering, put it off before the declaration, owing to shortage of man power for the reels. The girls who would have come out there will be able to fool what remains of the social firmament when war is done by



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY

One day in town last week outside the Ritz. Mrs. Sweeney is staying in the country for the present and only comes up to London Town very occasionally

dancing in and out of lorries and decontamination squads and hospital wards along with the genuine eighteen-year-olds of nineteen-forty—what? We dinna ken.

* * *

One of the handsomest Scottish ex-débutantes, Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, is "billeted in Brighton," while sister Sylvia has townees billeted on her at Glenhead, a farm near Gleneagles Hotel, which had its ballroom converted into a children's dormitory for one night. It now awaits another destiny. The perfect turf under its windows (where I have begged the L.M.S. for years to give guests the tea garden they wanted) is being laid up for better times. When

it is laid down again the railway company may be so happy it will want to make us happy too-oo-oo-oo; consequently, about the year 2000 visitors will be permitted to eat outdoors. Banishing that naughty Continental thought, we fly by broomstick to Feddal Castle, near Dunblane, and find the Cyril Falconar-Stewarts have turned their home into a hospital, with bonny local auxiliary nurses including daughter Grizel and Mrs. Hugh Harris, younger daughter of the Laird of Gleneagles. Her husband, who used to "mind" sheep plus a petrol station-cum-road-house, is now minding the skies, quite an assignment. Scottish observer units are doing essential, but rather wearisome work. To continue the Perthshire roll call, Lord Rollo, that grand old *seigneur*, has evacuees at Duncrub; ditto the Forteviot at Dupplin; the Drummond-Morays at Abercairny; Lord Ancaster at Drummond Castle; the Chinnery-Haldanes at Gleneagles; and the Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichtons at Monzie Castle, where forty children have settled in and some ten mothers who wheel their prams up and down the back passages on wet days. The Keith-Murrays' ancestral Ochertyre is housing a complete girls school from Dundee. Most lairds are delighted to hand over to schools and institutions rather than be billeted with



Bertram Park

MISS IRENE MANN-THOMSON WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Mann-Thomson, daughter of the late Colonel W. D. Mann-Thomson, R.H.G., and Mrs. V. Fitzgerald, of Warhams, Rudgwick, has announced her engagement to Mr. A. A. C. Vickers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Vickers

acquired as a prisoner of war, at the country's service. The eagerness to serve again, actively if possible, on the part of those whose youth and health were spent in the Great War, amply confirms the justice of the cause and the eternal come-back



IN TOWN LAST WEEK

At back, Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, who was formerly in the Scots Guards and retired as a major, with Lord and Lady Queensberry outside the Ritz. Lord Queensberry was formerly in the Black Watch

And the World said—*continued*

ill-assorted individuals of odd ages and odder habits. Mrs. George Keith-Murray's house, Drumonie, near Bridge of Earn, has become a maternity home (as has the Euan Wallace's fair Lavington Park, and the "Tammy" Monroes' Lindertis) while Cloan, Auchterarder, Sir William and Lady Haldane's *habitat*, is housing the entire Training College for the Princess Louise Nurses. This formerly worked in connexion with the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, and there is a probability that Foswell, the Haldanes' other place on the hill above Cloan, will become an annexe for laundry and housework classes. All these upheavals are hard on older people, but the Haldanes spring from tenacious stock; one was on Edward I's Ragman's Roll so there is every reason to suppose the family will survive any cataclysm. Sir William is the late and great Lord Haldane's brother, and an uncle of the equally great in other ways Professor J. B. S., who has edited an interesting

theatrical blackout, included Dorothy Dickson who is going into *Second Helping* by the author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and Beatrice Lillie whose nose twitched at some of the Questions. The assortment of peculiar receptacles in which older peers carry their gas masks is very White Knight, and the dignity which has come over that jovial London and Liverpool Australian, Mr. Reginald Purbrick, known to Café Society as "Pop," is very John Bull. Without being in gloomy or pompous vein, he displays the energy and resolve of an Empire father whose sons and fortunes are at stake, who sees what this war means, and can take it. They said Mr. Duff-Cooper is going to America to lecture. And a story about Lord Chatfield, by himself, was travelling the inner circle after Mr. Chamberlain's brief excursion into French "*il faut en finir*." The Minister for the Co-Ordination of Defence finds languages exceptionally hard. He made himself learn Italian when he commanded the Mediterranean Fleet, and became fluent with a marked English accent. At the first meeting of the Supreme Council Mr. Chamberlain was able to chat quite easily in his adequate French after the essential business had been done through interpreters. Then Lord Chatfield decided it was up to him to engage M. Daladier in conversation. The French Premier stood the English admiral's efforts for five minutes, before retiring in favour of *Général Gamelin* who, showing greater stamina, made what he could of it for nearly seven, by which time the *Généralissimo's* lack of all expression, except signs of exhaustion, decided Lord Chatfield to learn French before the next meeting. Those who know him best say he will do it somehow, with the doggedness which is his nature and in any rare scraps of time he can call his own. Incidentally, it is rumoured that the French seventy-ton tanks, so terrifying on the newsreels, were a complete and supposedly pleasant surprise to him.

* * *

The Queen hits a happy medium in the clothes she is wearing; not too bright and painfully *chic*, nor dreary and

unfeminine. Women who make the war an excuse to wear their shabbiest blacks, unrelieved by even a clean white collar, are asking to be run over. Harpies lunching at Luigi's, Quaglino's and the Ritz are funereal from head to toe; not the smart black of the *Parisienne*, but the lady's-maid blacks which Englishwomen whip out when the Court is in mourning, hoping others may think they revolve in that circle. The small proportion of Mayfair which has not gone to the country (where Mrs. Charles Sweeny is rolling bandages) has got an attack of "uniformitis," with black the only alternative. It was a change to meet American-born Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston dressed in a kilt, green jacket and glengarry. Her husband does impersonations of Sir Harry Lauder. And Miss

Silvia Muir, much the prettiest 1938 débutante (not a good year) wearing a mauve tulle hat; Lady Jean Rankin none; ditto Miss Diana Caldwell, who is bearing up after a fortnight on night shift, although being ordered to drive an enormous lorry to seventeen hospitals in the blackout, and report at each, was one of the set pieces. The most beautiful V.A.D.s are in Chelsea, where Miss Susan Bligh and Mrs. Mark Pilkington (Susan Henderson) bring the average to Greta heights under the surveillance of Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, whose actress sister, Pamela (*Victoria Regina*) Stanley, is in the same unit. The Chelsea canteen feeds wardens, watchers, drivers, nurses, and vague elderly helps wearing trousers which were fashionable in Mürren twenty years ago, tight at the boot and shapeless everywhere else. Why a woman with comfortable hips cannot do a job of work in a skirt beats the men, among whom, eating stew, was Mr. "Tony" Bower, last seen ski-ing with Miss Audrey Skipwith, now a Mobile V.A.D.



A PARTY OF THREE IN THE BLACKOUT

Mr. Geoffrey Nares—now Private Nares—son of our famous Owen, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, and Mr. Stephen Vernon at the Café de Paris one night last week in that dim London to which we are all by now so well accustomed

book, just out, called "You and Heredity." He vouches for its scientific *bona fides* and approves the American author's deductions. What you can inherit, what you can pass on to your children, how to know the baby is yours, what determines looks, abilities and character, how long you will live, and to what degree you are masculine or feminine as the case may be, is recounted in a diverting way, not unbearably facetious or long-worded. Every seventeen-year-old in his or her right mind should be given this book as a compulsory birthday present—the facts of life without tears, or worse. Meanwhile, there is a run on it at the guaranteed libraries, as there always is on J. B. S.

* * *

In the Queen's county, Angus, Lady Dalhousie at Brechin Castle, the Airlies at Cortachy Castle, and Lady "Dresden-shepherdess Jess" Forres at Glenogil are or will become hospital-holders among other kent folk. Mr. H. J. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, the long-leggit Hereditary Standard Bearer for Scotland, who is well kent in those parts, resigned the Under-Secretaryship of State for Scotland to rejoin his old regiment. Many of his Parliamentary colleagues are in uniform in the House. Impressions of an early-war-time sitting included the audible and amazingly youthful tones of the Prime Minister; the impatience of all parties with Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, and the flaming hair of Mrs. Duncan Sandys, hatless in the Public Gallery with her husband's regimental brooch glittering on a black woollen dress. Leading ladies looking on, temporarily *matinéeless* owing to the



THE HON. PAMELA DIGBY AND MR. BARING

Caught by the flashlight expert at one of London's favourite rendezvous last week. The Hon. Pamela Digby, is the eldest of Lord and Lady Digby's three daughters, and in peaceful times well known with the Cattistock, of which her father was formerly joint-Master with the Rev. "Jack" Milne



WATCHING THE MAN
WHO CALLED HITLER'S BLUFF
THE PREMIER AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN
IN THE PARK



MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND VERE
NICOLL AFTER THEIR WEDDING



Marcus Adams

LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS
HAMILTON AND HER CHILDREN



LORD AND LADY DAVID DOUGLAS
HAMILTON LEAVING THE HOUSE

The Army, like every one else, has always a moment to leave off doing anything it may be doing to gaze at the man who has told the disturber of the peace of the world that his bounce and bluster deceive no one. The men in the picture are signallers under instruction somewhere in London. Lord and Lady David Douglas Hamilton incidentally, had been listening to the Premier's reply to Hitler on the day before. Lady David Douglas Hamilton, the former Miss Prunella Stack, is the great exponent of the virtue of physical culture. Another of the family, Lady Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, is in the picture alongside with her children, Diana and Fiona. She is a first cousin of H.M. the Queen, her father, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon being a brother of the Earl of Strathmore. Mrs. Raymond Vere Nicoll is the second of the daughters of the late Admiral Sir Charles Madden and Lady Madden to have been married recently. Her sister, the present Mrs. J. H. B. Batten, was married in July

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Escaping the War

WELL, it is very pleasant to be able to go to the cinema again and, at least all morning and all afternoon, to be allowed and cajoled and lulled into forgetting all about the war. That is to say, if the management is willing to allow, cajole, or lull. At the Gaumont I had no sooner settled with a comfortable sigh into a comfortable stall than the management was telling me on the screen what we rash filmgoers should do if that noise which the Cockney Man in the Street now calls "Mona" should begin its wailing. "Don't Block the Gangways by Looking for Your Gas Mask—Keep It on Your Lap," was an injunction which drew forth a lot of laughter. And at the succeeding imperative, "Don't Worry—Remember You are British!" the laughter grew to a roar. No wonder Hamlet said that in England they were all mad. Paradoxically enough, this same quality of being irresponsible where most responsibility is needed appears to be the one thing which keeps us a little saner than the rest of Europe.

But the moment the golden head of Ginger Rogers came into view, a complete and delightful forgetfulness set in for everybody. The film is called *Bachelor Mother*, and Ginger is one Polly Parrish who is employed during the Christmas season at a skyscraping toy store. She sells mechanical Donald Ducks, and the proprietor's son, who is David Niven, shows her how to wind, mend, exchange and sell. Believe it or not, the two fall in love with each other! But there is very much more to the film than that. Especially there is a baby called John whom Polly finds on the doorstep of a foundling hospital and is eventually obliged—by the sniffing of strangers and friends and the still more incredulous sniffing of her young man—to declare as her own property. The toy store proprietor is eager to have a godson, and when he discovers the existence of Polly and John he vents forth so much indignation at Polly's pretence that the child is not her own and so much wrath at his son claiming not to be the father, that Mr. Niven and Miss Rogers can do nothing but first shrug and then encircle each other's shoulders. The six-months-old John at sight of this lets out a loud chuckle, and the film is over.

It sounds as insignificant as any good, light comedy entirely depending on the ease and airiness of its playing must sound in print. This film has been directed with a breath-taking slickness by some genius whose name must have loomed so large among the titles that I could not discern it. I saw the names of stars, cameramen, and modistes, but none of any producer or director. There ought also to have been given the name of the genius of a nursemaid or young mother who wheedled, coaxed, and tickled young John—a highly adorable baby—into staring, chortling, applauding, protesting, frowning, whooping, bawling, boxing, kicking, gurgling, prattling, and yelling all at precisely the right moments. Nothing that that infant is going to do in the life he has just begun can begin to approach the superbly calculated skill of his present brilliant performance! The other parts are comparatively easy because they have witty words to help them. Mr. Niven takes Miss Rogers to a high-falutin' party where she is to pretend to be a Swede ignorant of English: "Just say 'No' to the men—the girls won't talk to you, anyway!" There is the best kind of farcical wit, too, in the old man's angry protest: "I don't care who the father is—I'm the grandfather!" Mr. Niven has developed in no time into an admirable and valuable light comedian, and to Miss Rogers, when she has altered the whole economy of her present hairdressing, I shall accord the same tribute. In the present film she has chosen to coil her crowning glory into something which looks like an inexpensive wig and which is, howsoever it has been achieved, unbecoming.

There was a supporting and rather sleepy-making film in which Lee Tracy managed a circus whose wildest animals were a lady tight-rope walker and a lady lion tamer who were at loggerheads. There was also a little girl very much like



NORMA SHEARER BACK IN NEW YORK

Taken on her arrival in the S.S. *Manhattan*, which was so overcrowded that every nook and cranny was full, the main saloon being made into a dormitory. Norma Shearer's latest was *Idiot's Delight* and she is now to be busy on the film version of that amusing play *The Women*

Bonita Granville, beady eyes and all. If the two ladies had openly slapped each other it would all have been livelier. But they argued incessantly and dully about contracts, and the price of lions, and what not. And then, just when we were beginning to yawn as much as the lions, one of the noble brutes escaped, killed a man, and made straight for the little girl. This was as excitingly and as realistically managed as only an American studio knows how.

Candidly I don't believe that English film makers are ever going to attain even in their best work to this kind of expert realism which Hollywood can give even to its most mediocre stuff, let alone to France's continuously astonishing blend of realism with imagination. Yet I find a colleague writing, apparently quite seriously, the other day: "Now, more than ever, we want British films that are British in thought and nature. Full of a new national pride we want to see our own country, our own people and manners on the screen. Taking a wider view, how essential it is that we should be able to send abroad films that explain the Briton to wondering people overseas." Well, well! It was, however, an admirable little British film, a documentary called *Do It Now*, with which the excellent programme at the Gaumont concluded. This brought us back to the war with a bang and squeezed quite a lot of humour out of the unconsciously funny behaviour of people expecting an air raid. It was perhaps a mistake to accompany the end of this with Elgar's "Nimrod" Variation. For that is music too noble to be borne with equanimity at this hour.

* * *

Now that the London cinemas are open again plans are being made for the presentation of many important new films which, it is announced, will be screened here before long.

One of the first of these will be the Bing Crosby picture, *The Star Maker*, a story based on the career of impresario Gus Edwards, the man who discovered many of America's most famous show-world personalities. Louise Campbell is Bing's leading lady, and the production also marks the screen début of fourteen-year-old Linda Ware, the new singing discovery. *The Star Maker* will follow *Beau Geste* at the Plaza.

Two eagerly awaited British subjects are on the way, namely, the David E. Rose production, *French Without Tears*, and the Douglas Wakefield comedy, *Live and Let Live*.

Ray Milland and Ellen Drew head the cast of *French Without Tears*, which is adapted from the great stage success of the same name.

ARE YOU READY ?



MISS PAMELA PHILLIPS AND MR. FELIX KRISH WITH THEIR AMBULANCE



MISS E. C. HANN, COMMANDANT, AND MISS DOROTHY STEWART

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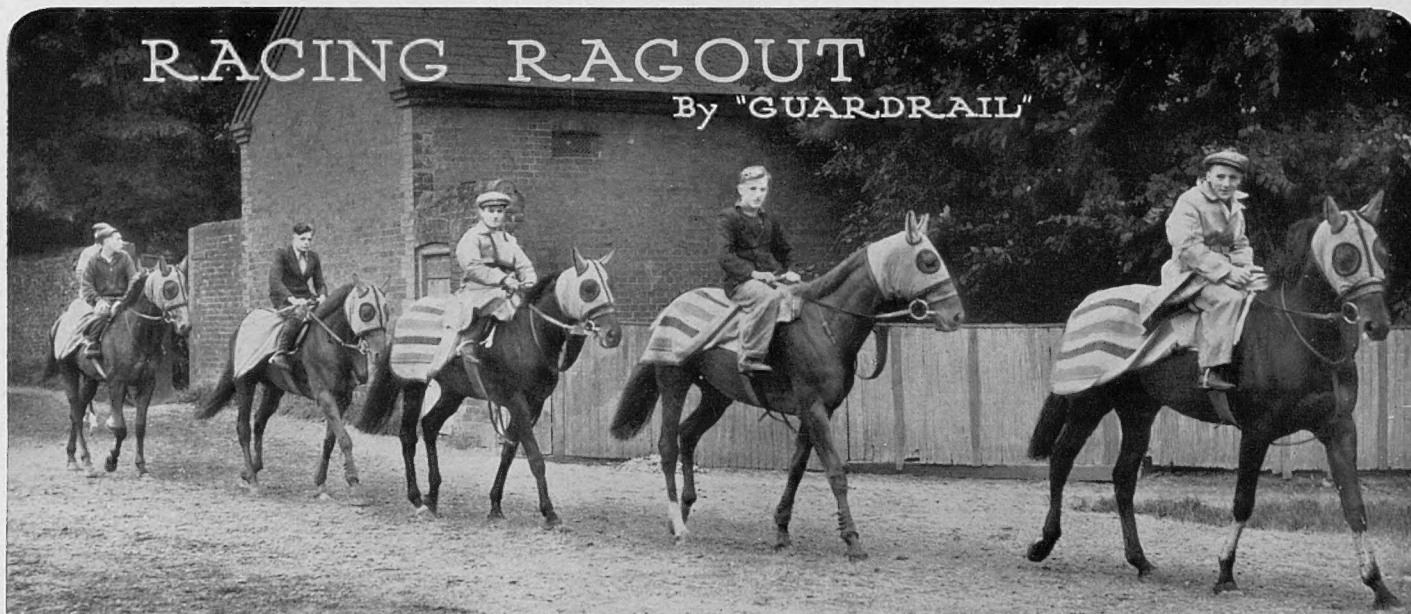
RECREATION CORNER

Including Mrs. Ronald Orpen, Mrs. Wilfred Haviland, Mrs. T. S. V. Phillips, Messrs. P. Morley, A. Porter and J. Downey

Instead of sleek limousines, the Savoy Hotel garage now holds lorries converted into ambulances, and those who once went along to the Grill for lunch now have their meals brought to the garage. In charge of this willing band of workers for London's safety is Miss E. C. Hann, who has not left the building since the outbreak of war. The Deputy-Commandant is Lady Wilton, widow of Sir Thomas Wilton. Mrs. Everard How, who was Lady Lymington, and whose son is heir to the Earldom of Portsmouth, comes of a well-known Long Island family. Others of the eighty drivers mustered at this station by Miss Hann include Miss Elizabeth and Miss Pamela Phillips, sisters of Sir Lionel Phillips, and Mr. Felix Krish, son of Serge Krish, the conductor, and formerly a light of the Oxford Playhouse Company. The Savoy Dug-Out can claim to be one of the most up-to-date in this city !

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"



HORSES STILL ON THE HEATH—A NEWMARKET WARTIME PICTURE

Newmarket is, naturally, one of the hardest-hit towns of all since racing was suspended on the outbreak of war. Strings that were forty and fifty strong are now depleted to a mere half dozen. Nevertheless, trainers are doing their best to keep things going in the hope of better times to come and horses may still be seen at work in the mornings

THE ways of the powers that be are dark and inscrutable. In the hopes that they are always right we bow to their commands. Darkness is so essential that the toll of deaths from boredom or head-on collisions is said by statisticians to equal the total casualties of the first Punic War, while secrecy has been carried to such a point that smash-and-grab raids cannot be discovered till next morning and people even sign other people's names on cheques. In this great emergency the B.B.C. (an endearing abbreviation for Beri Beri Contagion) has been employed to prevent any hilarity, over-enthusiasm or even interest in the war. Forced to motor about 300 miles the other day, I turned on the wireless at 10 a.m. for a chance of news. After the usual overture of the cat under the steam roller working up in crescendo to the quartz crushing machine, the throaty early Victorian strain of "Come into the garden, Maud" burst on the air, carrying with it the vision of the after-dinner singer of that date, all hair and teeth like a rat catcher's dog. Perhaps I am abnormal, but ballad singing, in my opinion, should be made a felony, an opinion which was confirmed when at ten-thirty a rendition of "Hark, Hark, the Shark" was handed out. At 11 a.m., "Hullo, Schoools" followed by a dialogue between a pseudo old man and a phoney child on Red Indians. Great God of War! I had always wondered why the B.B.C. bothered to copyright their news, but when it did come on it was borne in on me that it was because they can then keep on using the same bulletin every time every day. In this case, there was one item anent petrol rationing put in, as in a pantomime, as "cue for song." Just as Prince Charming, mincing across the stage all legs and brassière, enunciates:

"And so to bed, the time is half-past two,
I fall asleep to dream, and dream of you,"
in order to give the leading lady the cue to sing "Dreaming of You," so as the announcer's voice died away another voice faded in. "Speaking of petrol rationing," said the voice, "many of you will be buying bicycles and many of you think that bicycling is hard work."

Any one living in a country not fitted with funiculars knows damn well it is, and the dissertation was about as convincing as Göring telling his dupes that no sturgeon ever produced caviare as good as his synthetic product made from sago and Essolube. Why, Cardie Montague would miss Ally Pally if he had to get there on a tricycle and park it himself.

What a relief to get on to some German station or another where, after three cheery dance tunes, a gentleman, who from his English and his accent I shrewdly suspect to be the Karl out of Bulldog Drummond, gives a resumé of world news. One of those engaging liars, whose lies are so patent and whose sarcasm so clumsy as to approach Hitlerian heights, he holds forth somewhat as follows:

"While our troops were firing a salvo at Pzdrmslskow several thousand Polish women ran to welcome them with open arms and fell at their feet. How does this compare, Mr. Churchill, with the fact that three anti-Nazi women died of starvation in a concentration camp due to the British blockade. One of our training 'Puss Moths' shot down three British 'Spitfire' fighters. Catching the pilots as they fell he lowered all of them on strings to their homes in Crouch End, Malmesbury and Much Wenlock.

"There has been talk of the Germans violating the neutralities of Holland and Belgium. They have given a guarantee of neutrality to these countries, the pledged word of their Führer. Such a contingency has never entered their heads. Besides this, very careful reconnaissance has shown that the Dutch would be enabled to flood Holland, and the Belgian Maginot Line is very strong, besides, the owners might not like it.

"The patience of the Reich is almost exhausted by the encirclement policy adopted by Luxembourg and its repeated attacks on their shipping in the Pacific. No demands have ever been made on Luxembourg, but their policy of claiming that their frontier is the Elbe is not to be tolerated even by such a pacific power as the Reich. Herr Henkel will now broadcast the Hoppegarten Derby. *Auf Wiedersehen.*"

Away they go again with cheerful dance music while one lies back in one's chair and has a good laugh. "*Quel pannier,*" as the French say.

I see it is now stated that racing for a few days on the July course is now very probable and the decision is, I think, wise. Now that racing has been stopped and will have after the war to make an entirely new start, the Jockey Club has the chance to make sweeping reforms to put racing on a sane and sound footing without inflicting the hardship and loss it would have caused before.

I propose making some tentative suggestions and would like the ideas before or criticisms (constructive) after, of any readers (if any!).



Poole, Dublin

MRS. HUGH MAGUIRE

The wife of one of Eire's leading anglers, who has several times represented his country in international casting competitions. Mrs. Maguire is the daughter-in-law of Sir Alexander Maguire, owner of Workman, winner of this year's Grand National

LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA, AND HER SON, LORD AVA

The son and heir of the House of Blackwood only arrived in July last year. The remainder of the family comprises Lady Caroline Blackwood, who was born in 1931, and Lady Perdita, born in 1934; and the second name of both of whom is Maureen, their mother's name. Lady Dufferin and Ava is the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness, and was Miss Maureen Guinness before her marriage in 1930. The Hon. Ernest Guinness is the elder of Lord Iveagh's two brothers, the younger of whom is Lord Moyne

Marcus Adams, Dover Street



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By PETER TRAILL

(Mr. Richard King will resume his usual article next week.)



MRS. ST. JOHN ATKINSON

Another of the devoted ladies who is doing her bit in this unwanted war. Mrs. St. John Atkinson is Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade

ing everyone I met, whether they were interested or not, that I knew how the deed was done. At any rate, I never have so peeped, and when I see a Punch-and-Judy show to-day, which is very rarely, I always stop for a moment to note where the showman has arrived in the story, and I sternly quell any feelings of curiosity as to how he moves his puppets. I am sorry to say that fewer and fewer children appear to be enthralled with the performance, and I am inclined to think that the reason may be either that they have had the secret explained to them, or they have drawn the curtains aside for themselves. In the matter-of-fact world of to-day, illusions are no longer fashionable, and the public's craving for reality is being ministered to even by those whose business, one would have thought, should have ensured them doing exactly the opposite. Thus, one theatre management, not very long ago, was at pains to show anyone who cared to look how their revolving stage worked. Film-stars are encouraged to make personal appearances. Transformation scenes are built up and dissolved before one's eyes, and the chorus and some of the principal performers make it a habit of walking about in front of the footlights, instead of behind them. The art of the theatre, and of the screen, lies in so producing illusion that we believe in what we see. If we don't believe, then the foundations begin to shake, and finally the cardboard is laid bare. Of all the blessings which are our portion, and sometimes these seem meagre enough, that which should be caged securely, and never allowed to fly from the chamber of our minds into the tall sky, is make-believe.

I am tempted to dwell upon its importance because Mr. John Brophy, in his new novel, "Gentleman of Stratford" (Collins; 8s. 6d. net), has added at the conclusion of his book, not only a stout list of his authorities for his romantic life of Shakespeare, but an explanation of where exactly he has left the hard road of facts for rambles about the countryside. It seems to me that he has made a mistake in thus disclosing the exact composition of his bricks and

WHEN
t h e
Punch-
a n d -

Judy showman used to take up a modest pitch in a quiet street, and I stood looking up at the tiny stage where Punch was living so desperate an existence, I do not remember that I ever wanted to peep behind the curtains at the back so that I might have the satisfaction of tell-

mortar. However, since he has chosen to side with those who find public confession a blessing, the reader may discover for himself where Mr. Brophy's story "conforms to the established facts of the life," and where he has added or subtracted.

First of all, he is at pains to tell why he has elected to write in the style that he has, which is one that affects the Elizabethan period without adopting all its archaisms, and he acknowledges his deficiencies in scholarship, without whole-heartedly regretting them. Only the pedants will scratch their heads over such matters. They will also spill a lot of ink over Mr. Brophy's interpretation of the "Sonnets," which he has divided into five groups. These really form the basis of his novel, and, by concluding that only the first seventeen are addressed to Southampton, and by adding another unknown lady, one in scarlet and white, to the dark one, he forges for himself and the reader a key to their meaning which is by no means ill-fitting; and the more pleasing, in that it does not open the door to homosexuality.

The lady in scarlet and white who, while loving him, rejects him, is represented as being the inspiration for certain of the "Sonnets," and the source of what, perhaps, one may call the breeched heroines of Shakespeare. Rejecting Mr. Shaw's idea that the dark lady was attached to the Court of Elizabeth, Mr. Brophy accepts the Donne legend of her, while being careful not to make her his mistress in deed, and drawing her on bold, sensual lines, in contrast to ethereal ones of the lady in scarlet and white, traces from the wanton the features of Cressida, Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth; and sees in her the explanation of the passionate Sonnets. At the last, his Shakespeare becomes paternal, and his own daughter, Judith, is model for Perdita and Miranda. Those who don't care a fig for scholarship, so long as a novel pleases them, may get impatient with its alarms and excursions in this realm; but there is a story here, and a good one. Mr. Brophy has made Shakespeare a human being, and he has captured the

atmosphere and manner of the time, especially that of the theatre, remarkably well. I wish, however, that he had been a little less modest and not so overawed by his illustrious hero.

The reading public has long since turned a deaf ear to the plea in the Litany which asks for deliverance from murder and sudden death. At any rate, there is no diminution in the number of books upon crime with which publishers fill the libraries and book-stalls. Such is the output and the haste of its compiling, that authors have practically abandoned any attempt at drawing human beings, and in most cases give a very distant salute to the probabilities, being content to turn out fictitious murders much in the same way as others provide a daily crossword. To some extent they resemble one another, for they tease the brains of those who like their brains to be so titillated; their blood flows tortuously down the clues, and they are, for the most part, of so little worth that they are forgotten the moment the solution is discovered. I am not here concerned to argue whether such a stream of artless nonsense leaves any permanent scars on the bodies of its victims, but to try to pick out the rills of clearer water where the characters can be recognised as human beings, and the story has some merit by virtue of the writing. "Strawstack" (Robert Hale; 7s. 6d. net), by

(Continued on page 548)



MISS JEAN COCHRAN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The lucky bridegroom-elect is the well-known American portrait-painter Mr. Edward M. Murray. Miss Cochran's father was the late Mr. Gifford Cochran, who was well known in the world of sport. Her mother, who now lives in New York, is H.S.H. Princess Chlodwig von Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst

ARMS AND THE MAN—AND WOMAN



OFFICERS OF THE SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY

to r., front: Lieut. R. D. Powell, Major Sir Richard Cotterell, Bt., and Lieut. ter Curtis; (in rear) 2nd Lieuts. John Meredith, D. P. W. Milbank, R. Salwey



ANOTHER SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY GROUP

L. to r.: Major Rex Holcroft, 2nd Lieut. Michael Lambart, 2nd Lieut. P. Pollitt, Lieut. Lord Acton and 2nd Lieut. H. Evans.



THE HON. MRS. "JOHN" KEMP
WITH COLONEL W. H. KERR



AN A.T.S. COMMANDANT:
LADY WHITTEN-BROWN

As these pictures indicate, not that it needs to be shown to anyone who walks the street with open eyes, khaki is "the wear" nowadays for men and women alike. The Shropshire Yeomanry is one of the few remaining horsed regiments. Second Lieut. Meredith is the son of Major H. C. Meredith, formerly Master of the South Shropshire and Ludlow Hunts, and a well-known hunting correspondent. The Hon. Mrs. John Kemp is married to Lord Rochdale's heir, while Lady Whitten-Brown's husband was the famous airman and pioneer Atlantic flyer. Mrs. Barton is the wife of a former C.O. of the Denbighshire Yeomanry

Photos.: Truman Howell



IN CAMP "SOMEWHERE": SENIOR-COMMANDANT MRS. J. S. BARTON

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Miss Disney, who wrote "Death in the Back Seat," which had an excellent Press, is out of the ordinary run of murder tales, because the characters do talk like human beings, and if the whole affair is highly improbable, it is, at any rate, barely possible. The authoress has made use of the customary formula from which this sauce for the mind is constructed. There is an isolated group of people; there is a will, and there is a detective who does not hamper the author—or the reader—with departmental matters. There are also three murders, which serve to narrow down the field of the suspects considerably; and there are a number of hidden clues which will keep most people from arriving at the correct solution until shortly before the end.

Not conforming to the formula—and, indeed, the publishers are at great pains to make it clear to prospective readers that the book is not a murder story in the at-present accepted use of the term—is Miss Streatfield's new novel, "Luke" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net). It is true that sudden death is upon one at the onset; its agent is strychnine, and its victim the second husband of the mother of Luke; but there is no particular mystery why Mr. Dawson lay arched upon the floor of his bedroom or as to who put him there. Miss Streatfield is not concerned solely with filling in the white squares of a puzzle with a number of words loosely connected; sudden death to her means something terrible, and her characters have not forsaken the Litany. She has a dozen of them: Freda and her child, Luke, by her first marriage; two children by her dead husband's first marriage; a schoolmaster and his wife; a doctor, a barrister, a nurse, and three servants; and she has painted an excellent collection of miniatures. They can hardly be called portraits, for they are not life-sized, and they need to be studied under a microscope for the brushwork to be admired. She is happiest, I think, in the presentation of the two younger children, whose minds she thoroughly understands; she is also at home below the stairs. If people must solve conundrums in murder stories, they will find one at the end of this book, upon which they, like the doctor, may exercise their ingenuity; but as it doesn't concern the identity of the murderer, perhaps they will feel they have been deprived of their savoury, and that in spite of the publisher's warning.

As the elderly merchant of Volo says to the author in Mr. Sidney Hopper's account of his recent travels in Greece, entitled "Greek Earth" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d. net), England holds a special

place in Greek affection. The author accepted the remark as a conventional conversational opening, and the merchant promptly took him to task: "You are mistaken in waving away my words," he said. "For a hundred and ten years an attachment has joined my country to yours. In the third decade of the last century, English volunteers assisted our people to win independence." He then goes on to refer to Lords Byron and Cochrane, and points out that Greece, too, is a maritime nation. But if the century spans the affection of Greece for us, our love for her is much older. It is a love founded on scholarship, and though a classical education is not regarded to-day as being so necessary as it was yesterday, one who is versed in the Classics still commands respect, and others who are not, at any rate try to render to the Greeks the things which are Greek.

Mr. Hopper set out with a rucksack to rediscover Greece, and to compare the ancient with the modern. The new lamps of some old countries do not burn quite so brightly as did their old, and those of Greece smoke

somewhat. Mr. Hopper is immediately upon the warpath: his beds are full of bugs, his wine is full of resin, and the Greek passion for disputation makes him impatient; but he recognises that the native has a resourceful simplicity and "that the world to which his habits and standards belong is a simpler world. Unadapted, such minds are ill-fitted for responsibility in an industrial society." Who in this age of involved processes has not cried out sometime for the simple life? Some, indeed, try to practise it, but their fellow creatures usually manage to see that they don't succeed for very long. The mode has its drawbacks, and the chief of these is lack of sanitation. This is a defect more apparent when it occurs in cities than in the country, and the suburbs of Athens are not immune. Thus, under the Ares where the Furies ascend from Tartarus to their shrine, the entrance is filled with dung. After one or two experiences of this kind, Mr. Hopper makes for the open country.

He has chosen to write this book in a staccato style which, if it has the merit of not sending the reader to sleep, makes it difficult for him to concentrate. I felt, at times, like a train going through a junction where point after point drove me on to a fresh set of metals. There are some good, clear photographs, but no map; and the author takes the ancient and modern world—especially the ancient—in the feverish stride of a man who has no time to pause.



Bassano

MRS. THOMAS DUGDALE

The wife of Major T. L. Dugdale, Member for the Richmond Division of Yorkshire, to whom a son has been born. Major Dugdale has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury since 1937. Mrs. Dugdale is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant



MR. AND MRS. ARCHIBALD
DAVID MANISTY ROSS

THE WAR WEDDINGS: PRESENT AND FUTURE



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT CULLINGFORD
AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN CHELSEA



ENGAGED: MR. K. B. MOORE
AND MISS NOEL PAULINE CLARRY



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. CHRISTOPHER
DALLMEYER



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS
TOWNSHEND



MR. AND MRS. J. BAXENDALE LEAVING
ST. MARYLEBONE CHURCH

The wedding rush occasioned almost exclusively by Herr Hitler still continues quite unchecked, and in this page are collected some of the more recent that have happened and one that is yet to occur—that of Sir Reginald and Lady Clarry's pretty daughter to Mr. Kenneth Moore, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore, of Austerlands, Kingston Hill. Sir Reginald Clarry is the Member for Newport. The engagement was only announced on September 12. Lord Townshend's wedding to Miss Elizabeth Luby came as a surprise to everyone excepting those most nearly concerned. Lord Townshend has been in a Territorial Artillery unit for some time past. One bridegroom included in this page, Mr. Archibald Ross, has recently come through an exciting adventure. He was one of the Secretaries at the British Embassy in Berlin, and returned with Sir Nevile Henderson. As may be recalled, their ship was pursued by German submarines. Mr. Ross's bride was Miss Mary Melville MacFadyan. The Hon. Mrs. Dallmeyer is a sister of the present Lord Kinross, and Mr. Dallmeyer is in the Royal Tank Regiment. Mrs. Cullingford, whose wedding was at the Chelsea Register Office, was formerly Lady Ratendone and is a daughter of Mr. Basil Foster, the famous actor. Mrs. Baxendale, who was married to a serving soldier-husband at St. Marylebone Parish Church, was formerly Althea, the youngest daughter of Sir Dykes and Lady Spicer

Priscilla in Paris

NO, Très Cher, not "in Paris": we have gone back to the old 1914-1918 address—"Somewhere in France"! During the past week I have visited quite a few "Somerwheres," with various car-loads of refugees of assorted sizes, complete with babies, sewing and typing machines, mattresses and household pets. Yea, even a bowl of goldfish, of which the occupants arrived somewhat the worse for wear at Angers, where I persuaded the owner to park them in the ornamental waters of the lovely gardens which are opposite the town hall, hemmed on the east by the finest avenue of magnolia-trees I have ever seen.

What optimists are the average departers-in-a-hurry! They set out half a dozen strong, or maybe weak, in baby cars piled with luggage and junk that one would hesitate to put on a small lorry. They moor the canary's cage with a steel cable, and then use boot-laces, preferably well worn, to tie the bicycle and best saucepans to the bumpers in front of the bonnet. On the other hand, they don't seem to worry overmuch when anything drops off. A thrifty soul could set up house with stuff picked up by the roadside these days. In a charming little village of l'Eure et Loir—where we had to stop one night in order to have a baby born!—I found a delighted old peasant transforming a refrigerator, which he had found in the ditch outside his garden, into a super-luxe rabbit-hutch. He told me that the drainage system would be perfect! You must not conclude from this that there was a panic-stricken stampede from the capital. After all, the departing Parisians were only obeying a request, daily repeated in the Press, formulated by the Government, that they should leave.

As I feared, my domestic staff, after having stood the mobilisation like stoics, jibbed badly when war was actually declared. They did not put their fears into words—I can say that for them—but their eyes were eloquent. Being somewhat elderly, their creature comforts are very dear to them, and they have both had a taste of cellar life during the bombardments. I found it impossible to withstand their unspoken plea, and, giving them *carte blanche* to take with them whatever they could pack into bundles, we departed for the Farm-on-the-Island. They filled pillow-slips and dirty-linen bags with their treasures and off we went, "Miss Chrysler 1924" crammed to the limits of her roomy speeder, but without a single parcel showing! We 'as our pride, we 'as! Cookie was something of a bundle herself, I admit, since she carried most of her wardrobe on her back—even managing to wear last year's hat pulled over the parky Sunday-best of this season! Once we were fairly out of Paris the old dear looked as pleased as Punch, for she has always wanted to come down to the Farm, and hitherto it has not been feasible. Josephine, the maid, took her to task severely: "Hast thou not shame," she demanded, "to be looking content like that? My word! To see thee one might think thou had'st gratitude to that Hitler!" "Hé bien! And so I have," replied Cookie. "His dirty war gives me a holiday and cooks his own goose. What more can'st thou demand?"

"Cooking his goose" was not the phrase she used, by the way, but her own words cannot be translated on this chaste page. There was so much hatred and contempt written on her usually mild countenance, such utter and happy certitude of the ultimate fate of the Hun and all Hundom, that the old lady was positively impressive. Hatred and contempt and the relief felt at now being able to "have a go at him" express the attitude of the men of every class and every political opinion who are leaving from every town and village of this Belle France. And this time they are departing with the grim resolution of *not stopping too soon*! This time they firmly intend to "go through the lot and come out the other side," and here again my translation of the vernacular is mild! It is wonderful to see the enthusiasm and, at the same time, the curiously calm joy the young people are showing. Moving about as I have been doing has made it impossible for me to receive letters, and the Paris newspapers which have come my way have done so two days late. I long to see the good old *Times*, and I also long for news of my stable-mate . . . but that, of course, is another story.—PRISCILLA.



GENERAL GAMELIN,
C.-IN-C., THE FRENCH ARMY

General Marie Gustave Gamelin, "pupil" of the Great General affectionately remembered as "Papa Joffre," is probably one of the most erudite soldiers of the day. This apart, he has one very great quality, conservatism in his dispatches. So far, he is only nibbling at his enemy, but he is doing it at the right spot. He commands as fine an army as there is in the whole world

PICTURED AROUND AND ABOUT



Poole, Dublin

THE HON. MRS. RANDAL PLUNKETT,
TO WHOM A SON HAS BEEN BORN



W. J. Butt

H.M. QUEEN MARY, COLONEL ARTHUR DUGDALE AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE
"SOMEWHERE" IN ENGLAND



MRS. BRIAN WILLIAMS, HER LITTLE FAMILY, AND HOME DOGS
"SANDY," "RENE" AND "PEKE"

This is what has been happening in various spots during the opening days of the H.G.R.G. War (the initials stand for Hitler, Göring, Ribbentrop and Göbbels, for they are the only people we are fighting). H.M. Queen Mary was on a visit somewhere in England when that very pleasing group at the top of the page was taken. Her Majesty is facing her second experience of a great war with that magnificent courage which we know she possesses. The Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett is Lord and Lady Dunsany's daughter-in-law, and her husband is in the Guides Cavalry. Mrs. Brian Williams is a sister of Mrs. Owen Roberts, whose husband is a son of the late Captain Marshall Roberts, one-time Master of the Belvoir. Miss Mary Charteris, seen supping with a young officer of the Coldstreams, is a daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, Lord Wemyss' uncle; and the other group, a concentration of mere males, was taken at the same location



IN TOWN ONE NIGHT: MISS MARY CHARTERIS
AND MR. GEORGE DOUGHTY



ALSO IN LONDON TOWN: SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON, CAPTAIN
ARCHIE CRABBE, MR. C. C. OPPENHEIM, MR. G. RICKARD AND
CAPTAIN BRINCKMAN

WARTIME à la CARTE By ALAN BOTT

A POEM AGAINST PESSIMISTS

IN this pause while our part in the war gets up steam, every man inclines to be his own prophet. I have heard in the past few days a multitude of guesses about what will, may and certainly won't happen. The great game of the moment is to predict what combinations of countries will be ranged with and against us before we finish.

I will not join the players, at any rate in print; although I predicted a Russo-German alliance weeks before the Berlin-Moscow Axis burst upon us. But I am emphatically with the majority, who hold that we shall win most of our aims, no matter how long it takes or who is with us. Among many, this may be a matter of instinct and feeling; but a calm examination of resources fortifies the faith. So does much in history. At the time of the Armada we had no allies, we did not command the seas, and our Army was much smaller than that on the Spanish galleons. If this be too far away and long ago to form an instance, then let us recall that at one time in the last century we were alone against Napoleon when he commanded all Western Europe (except a weak, divided Spain) and much of Central Europe. "England yet shall stand." And the Empire's roots go very deep.

The small minority of pessimists can be divided, roughly, into two classes. There are those who, believing that our diplomacy has been deplorable, doubt whether it has improved, and consider that we are in grave danger. They say as much, grimly; but they are resolute over their own part in helping to remove the danger. Their brand of pessimism is the same as that in a song, "The Optimist and the Pessimist," with which Nelson Keys and Arthur Playfair delighted audiences at the Palace Theatre in one of the popular revues of 1914-18.

The other class gloats over every bit of bad news. Members of it relish the vicarious thrills that come from making each other's flesh creep. I did not come much in contact with it during the last war; but I was told, during bouts of leave from France, of a well-known salon where this indulgence in croaking and flesh-creeping was rampant. And here some of the same little coterie are again, unlovely, less juicy, twenty-three years older, once more clucking their rumours and rancours round London; but enjoying, thank Heaven, less influence than they had in 1916. The salon of dreadful blight has been revived as headquarters. Permit me to write some invective against them:

WARTIME AT LADY BLANK'S.

*I went and called on Lady Blank.
The talk was ripe, and even rank.
They said they doubted very much
Whether the odds were such and such
That we could ever win the war.
Deutschland was ueber. What was more,
They said, the Russians and the Japs
Would carve up Asia. Magyars, Lapps,
Yugos, Rumanians, Bulgars, Wops—*

*All would descend in Ribbendrops.
They said that, barring words, the Yanks
Would do no more than serve their banks.
They said the war would last twelve years
Till all were broke. They said the Poles
Would lose, beyond their land, their souls.
They gloated, shuddered... 'Mid the sobs,
They canvassed nice, fat wartime jobs.
I went and called on Lady Blank.
The talk was ripe. In fact, it stank.*

The lack of air raids has upset much, and we are not yet adapted to war life without them. A huge machine, oiled and set in motion to deal with fugitives by the million, cannot be reversed by sudden declutching. Nazi self-denial, thus far, to attempt war over England has produced results as varied as the present superfluity of deputy policemen and the recent shortage of fish. Certain national committees descend hundreds of feet underground, to meet in what would be caverned comfort if the weighty words weren't

drowned by the roar of overhead trains, and if gusts of compressed air didn't blow papers all over the subterranean place. Up in the big world, plenty of Board-rooms, within easy reach of shelters, are available; but it was part of the scheme of precautions that these meetings should be in catacombs, and until the general Plan changes gear, there they continue.

Unless and until the air war develops, the populace will seem to be over-mothered. Legions of men and women, in and out of uniforms, with or without cars, helmets, armlets, and badges, stand constantly at the ready, to look after the rest. Their spirit is grand, they long to prove their mettle. They are all dressed up and have nowhere to go.

It looks as though their first test will be one of patience rather than action. The fire drill, the ambulance drill, the patrols by road, river and wherever else will continue. But Bombmeister Goering, according to himself, won't rain destruction on our open towns and cities unless we do it first. Meanwhile, the September sun will shine no longer, the civil legions will continue to stand at the ready, anxious to help but bored by lack of occasion. By then, one half of the population may be looking after the other half, which will have been trained to look after itself. Much tact and humour will be needed on both sides.

All of which may be out of date before this appears. But I don't think so. Dictators' pledges are two-a-penny; but there are two stark reasons why no sane leaders of to-day's Germany would want, as yet, to exchange frightfulness. They would know that the moral effect must be greater on their people than on ours; and what with their problems in raw materials, and their wastage in Poland, they would be less able than we to afford the stoppage of munition plants when air raids happened. But there: I have already broken the promise not to start predicting things in print.



"... and so, after driving off the tee, to conform to instructions, the whole company will deploy."



LADY EBURY
AT HER
ATTRACTIVE
HOME
IN BERKSHIRE

DAY'S HOUSE, EAST HANNEY, THE NEW HOME OF LORD AND LADY EBURY



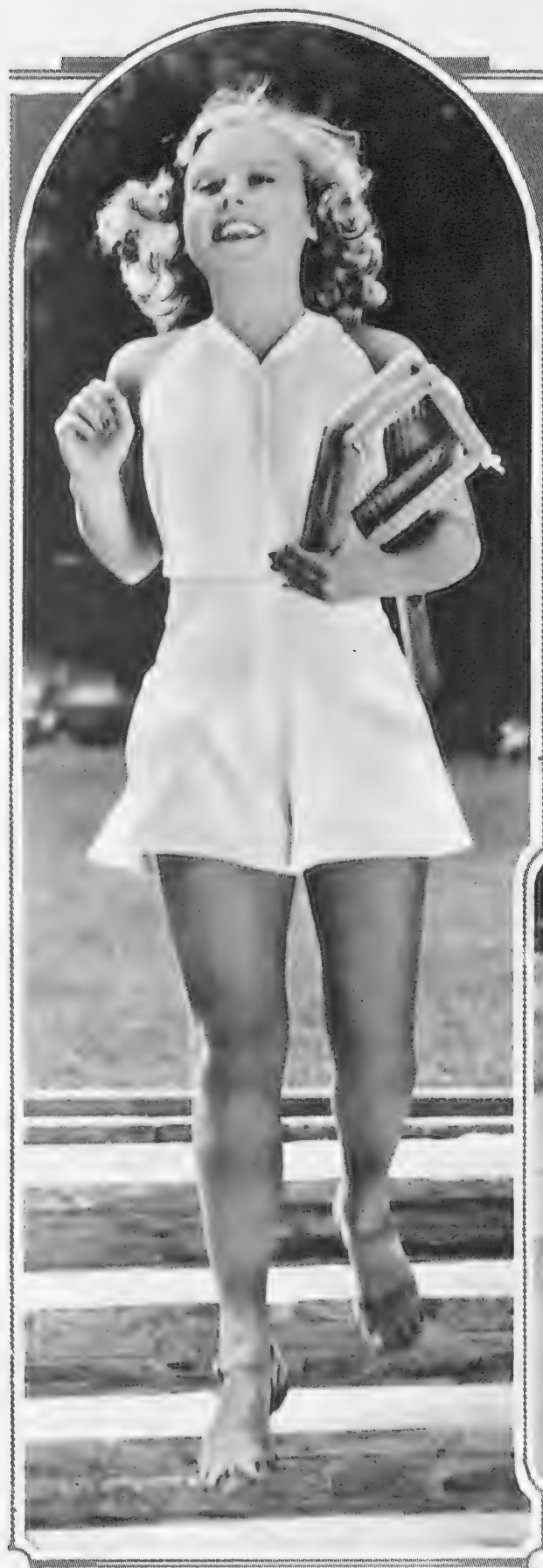
THREE ON THE WALL: LADY EBURY WITH FRANCIS (LEFT)
AND VICTOR OUTSIDE DAY'S HOUSE



FRANCIS' AND VICTOR'S IDEA
OF FOOD-HOARDING

Lord and Lady Ebury have only recently moved from Kingston Bagpuize to nearby East Hanney, where they have taken the delightful old house pictured above. And now Lord Ebury has moved off again, to an anti-aircraft battery, "somewhere." Lady Ebury is doing her bit as a commandant of an Abingdon ambulance corps, while the Hon. Francis and the Hon. Victor Egerton, their sons, are, judging from the size of the marrow, doing sterling work on the agricultural front. Francis, who is the heir, was born in 1934, brother Victor two years later. Only a little before "these late eclipses," Lord Ebury, who succeeded his father, the fourth peer, in 1932, was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the King in succession to the Earl of Erne. Lady Ebury was, before her marriage in 1933, Miss Ann Acland-Troyte, daughter of Major Herbert Walter Acland-Troyte, M.C.

WAR OR NO WAR



SONJA HENIE GOES OUT
TO PLAY

A sunny picture of the little lady who has skated and also acted her way into the heart of the world. The photographer caught her at a place called Hollywood, Cal. Sonja has now learnt to act almost as well as she skates



MARY MARTIN—THE BEAUTIFUL
SINGING STAR



AND SONJA IN HER NEW FILM
"SECOND FIDDLE"



JUDITH BARRETT S



LILI PONS AND
ANDRÉ KA

The general relief at the decision of the British Government to reopen the cinemas, without business and the general mental health of the nation. Here are presented some of those to celebrated people in their hours of ease—for the most part; Sonja Henie being about Martin, of the golden voice, sky-rocketed to fame in one night by her singing "M this, Paramount have claimed her and she has the lead in the film *Victor Herbert*. talents. Annabella, the more or less recent bride of Tyrone Power, played lead in Pons' spouse was also her highly talented conductor in her recent recitals at the Hollywood being a film star of the first magnitude. One of her most recent pictures,

THE FILMS GO ON



ILING THROUGH IT



HER HUSBAND,
TELENATZ



ANNABELLA—MRS. TYRONE POWER
IN PRIVATE LIFE



THE DICK POWELLS VERY MUCH
OFF DUTY



JOAN BLONDELL
(MRS. DICK POWELL)

certain limits, has not only caused a very lively public satisfaction, but is good for both whom we owe so much of our delight and relaxation. The camera has caught all these the only one seen in action, doing a skating dance in her new film. Mary Heart Belongs to Daddy" in the Broadway stage show *Leave It To Me*. Since Judith Barrett is another of Paramount's "lovelies," whose good looks match her *Hotel Du Nord*, the French film, with Louis Jouvet as her opposite number. Lili wood Bowl. Mrs. Dick Powell is far more interested in her little family than in *East Side of Heaven*, with Bing Crosby, was hardly worthy of her talents

The Powell household is rated one of the most domesticated of any in the great cinema capital of the world. Joan Blondell was not posing for the camera, but 'phoning her little boy's play-room when this picture was taken



Photo. by Val Doone

WELL, WELL—IT'S A MAD WORLD!

The above striking and peaceful picture was taken at Whitby Harbour, Yorkshire as well as Devon has its place in the annals of our great sea history. Captain Cook was a Yorkshireman, born in Marton, and it was in one of Whitby's picturesque red-tiled houses that he served his seafaring apprenticeship. The old fishing town provided, too, the ships, "the best and stoutest bottoms in England," in which he made his great voyages of discovery at "the round earth's imagined corners," including the "Resolution" in which he sailed round the world

BALDOYLE RACES CARRY ON MERRILY



MR. WILLIE JAMESON, IRELAND'S VETERAN
SPORTSMAN, AND HIS WIFE



MR. CHRISTOPHER NIXON AND LADY
NIXON, HIS MOTHER



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: MR. ANDREW
LEVINS MOORE, M.S.H., AND MISS JANE GILL



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE
AND MRS. WILFRED FITZ GERALD



THE COUNTESS TAAFE AND MR. WILFRED
FITZ GERALD



MRS. J. A. C. COLVILLE AND MISS INA
TOLLEMACHE

Pool, Dublin

It is pleasant to gaze upon some people who have time for a bit of fun at this moment, when most of us are so preoccupied with things that belong to hatchet-faced war. Apparently on the afternoon when the camera did its mopping-up business, all the well-knowns seen above had the better of the exchanges with the "enemy." Favourites won almost all along the line. As to a catalogue, Mr. Willie Jameson who is now eighty-nine, used to be one of the best G.R.s in all Ireland, and he owned Comeaway, the winner of the 1891 Grand National. He is a member of the R.Y.S. and the Irish Turf Club. Sir Christopher Nixon, whose wife and son and heir are in the picture alongside, was a distinguished Bang Boy in the last war (D.S.O. and a mention), and Mr. Levins Moore, soon to join the ranks of the Benedicks, is the new joint-Master of the Ward with Lord Fingall. Mrs. Fitz Gerald, seen passing the time of day with Lady Oranmore and Browne, is the wife of the G.O.M. of Irish polo (for whom see the flanking picture). She was formerly Lady Weldon, and is Sir Anthony Weldon's mother, and Mrs. Colville is the wife of Commander Colville, R.N., now on active service. Miss Ina Tollemache, who is with her, is the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Stanhope Tollemache

Pictures in the Fire

By

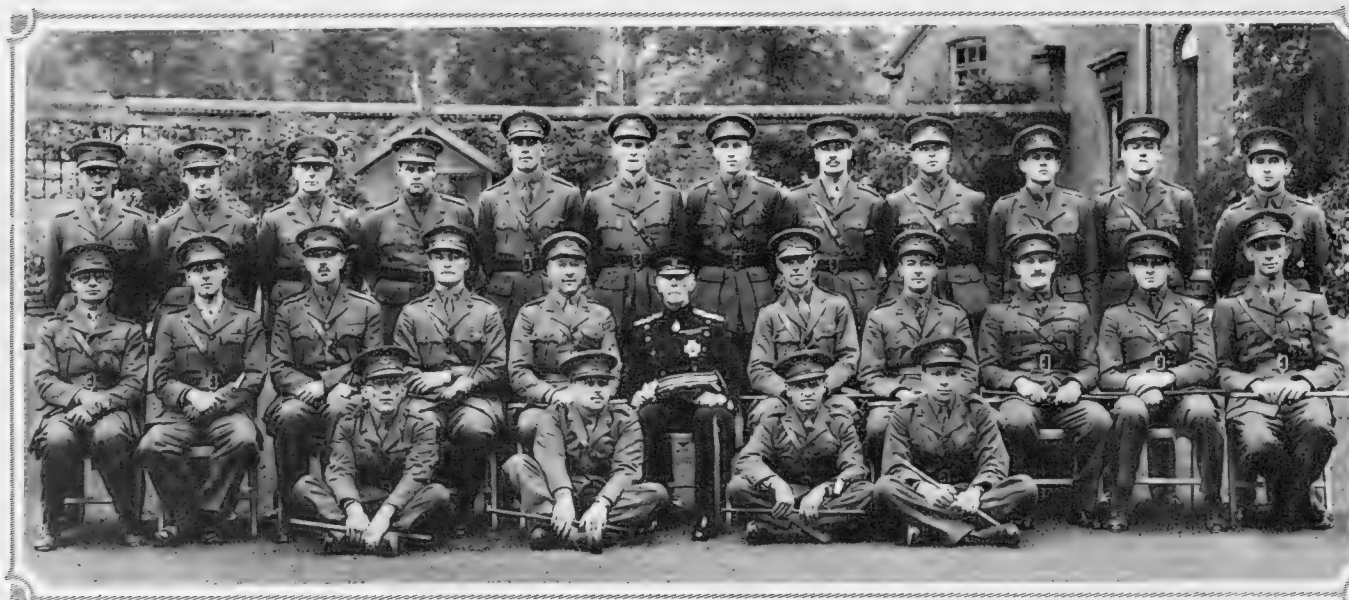
"SABRETACHE"

voice exactly like Mr. Robertson Hare's, who has been told off by Herr Doktor Göbbels to broadcast tasty items from the German Domestic Front. He is extremely good value, even though he be that worthless thing, a renegade.

His best effort has been directed against the newly-appointed First Lord of the

Admiralty. "Herr Robertson Hare"—alas that he should have borrowed so charming a voice!—has told us that "Churchill murdered Kitchener because he wanted his job." And Sir George Arthur, "K's" biographer, completely missed this startling bit of news!

As a matter of fact, if there ever were any thoughts of murder in the air they may have been the other way round. On that river war undertaken to smash the Khalifa, they said that Kitchener got so cross with the energetic war correspondent of those days that he threatened to bury him up to the neck in the dusty desert! Our First Lord was never noted for being one afraid to speak his mind forceful, frequent and free, and he was not much more reticent on that occasion. But he never murdered Kitchener out of revenge. It might also be a good thing to tell "Herr Robertson Hare" that Mr. Churchill did not murder the little Princes in the Tower; neither did he steal the Crown Jewels, that exploit having



Howard Barrett

THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS SOUTH NOTTS HUSSARS AFTER CHURCH PARADE

This former light cavalry regiment is now a mechanised Royal Horse Artillery unit, the wearers of the "jacket" being still proud to retain the word "horse." Sir Lancelot Rolleston, D.S.O., their Honorary Colonel, served with much distinction in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry and was severely wounded

The names in the picture are, l. to r. (sitting): Captain R. M. Bourne, Captain C. B. Barber, Captain E. C. Batt, R.A. (Adj.), Major W. F. Barber, Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Holden (C.O.), Colonel Sir Lancelot Rolleston, Major W. E. Seely, Captain J. K. T. Hanson, Captain P. L. Birkin, Captain P. G. Birkin and Captain G. R. Hudson; (on ground) Lieut. and Q.M. R. J. Bird, 2nd Lieut. G. I. Birkin, 2nd Lieut. H. R. D. Clark and 2nd Lieut. A. D'E. McCraith; (back) 2nd Lieut. R. C. Hingston, 2nd Lieut. J. E. A. Newman, Lieut. J. H. Shakespear, 2nd Lieut. A. Carr, 2nd Lieut. C. D. Laborde, 2nd Lieut. W. Pringle, 2nd Lieut. C. G. Neale, 2nd Lieut. R. W. Chadburn, 2nd Lieut. G. R. Yeomans, 2nd Lieut. J. Snodsmith, 2nd Lieut. P. A. Wellesley-Cooley and Captain T. A. Lloyd Davis, R.A.M.C.

THE motto "*Ich Dien*," which is that of the Prince of Wales when we happen to have one, would seem to have a very special significance at this present moment.

This blacking-out business is, of course, a trial to housewives, housemaids, and all others concerned, and we may think that our A.R.P. wardens are inclined to be a trifle picknickety at times; but actually they are not being half as particular as the French were during the last war. A friend of mine whose nose had got scorched by the sun to a brilliant cerise during the cavalry operations of 1914 nearly got into trouble with the Gendarmes, and it was only the presence of mind of a beautiful and quick-witted lady, with whom he happened to be, that enabled him to escape. She saw the cops coming and promptly blacked out his nose with her dark green handkerchief heavily doped with "*Trèfle Incarnat*."

Ever since then, so he says, whenever he encounters that perfume he comes all over sentimental.

During the Boer War they were also very watchful, and I think it went into Orders that not more than one cigarette was to be lighted by one match. It has been said that this is the origin of the superstition that it is unlucky to light three cigarettes from one match. The Boer snipers were first-class shots: quite as good as the playboys of the North-Western World of India, one of whose favourite tricks, in the days when the only lights on frontier mess-tables used to be those smelly kerosene oil-lamps, was to put them out one-two-three with a bit of quick shooting. Sometimes they caused a fire.

The theatres and cinemas being not quite so freely available as they are in normal times, I suggest that anyone in need of light entertainment should listen in to the gentleman with a



MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN AT AN ARMY CANTEEN

The famous film actress doing a potato-peeling job at the canteen at the depot of the unit which her husband, W. J. O'Bryen, has joined



AT A KILKENNY HORSE SHOW

The Marchioness of Waterford presenting the winner of the jumping contest with his prize. With Lady Waterford is Mr. Louis Deely, the President of the Iverk Farming Society's Show, which was held at Piltown



MAJOR AND MRS. GORDON FOSTER
AFTER THEIR WEDDING

The bride was Miss Helen Baring, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Everard and Lady Ulrica Baring, and Major Gordon Foster is the famous former Master of the Sinnington, and one of the best amateur huntsmen in England

have turned a blind eye to them, knowing that on a rough and rude reckoning they are entirely justifiable.

Names, places and units being suppressed, a bare recital of an actual occurrence may be apposite. A patrol from a Sikh squadron of a certain cavalry regiment was caught by some people called Mahsuds, who are very bloody-minded. The patrol was not merely killed, but each man of it pegged out after mutilation according to the plan which prevails amongst those people, and also defiled. It is not seemly to elaborate. A few days later an operation in force which was directed against the forts and field positions held by the perpetrators of this outrage was completely successful—that is to say that not only had the guns knocked the stuffing out of the enemy's defences, but the cavalry and a battery had got round behind him and fairly bottled him. The men of the Sikh regiments engaged asked permission to go in and do any mopping-up that might be necessary, and that their officers should not accompany them. Though entirely irregular, this actually happened. The Mahsud and his kind wear an overcoat called a *poshteen* (sheepskin), very smelly, and when not new, full of grease. There was also a good deal of straw about and some kerosene oil. This is the end of this true story.



2nd LT. THE HON. ALASTAIR BUCHAN IN CANADA
Lord Tweedsmuir's youngest son has joined the 4th Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards who are allied to our 10th Royal Hussars. Mr. Buchan was at Eton and The House, as were all his brothers

been achieved by an ancestor of General Sir Bindon Blood, the Colonel-Commandant of the Sappers. Germany's leading author of impolite fiction has told the world that Mr. Churchill sank the *Athenia*. He has stupidly left out the other half of the story. Surely he cannot have forgotten that Mr. Churchill also sank the *Lusitania*? A sad omission.

The quite artless statement alleged to have been made by an officer of a German tank unit to the effect that they could not afford to leave anyone alive behind the advance tells us exactly where we are. It is possible that some people have been under the impression that we were fighting disciplined troops. This, apparently, is wrong. There is this remark to be made at this juncture: that even the best-disciplined troops in the world are apt to break away when they learn that their enemy is killing the wounded. We expect that sort of thing from a savage and fanatical enemy, and, as any troops who have been engaged in that brand of warfare know, it has been very difficult to stop reprisals. They are not countenanced, but sometimes those in command

If and when you break a bone and begin to feel a bit faint and swimmy about the head, a sovereign remedy is to fix your gaze upon some point and say to yourself: "Darned if I'll faint!" Then you won't! The situation at this moment is a hundred per cent. better than it was in the opening stages of the last scrap—and why? Here's the answer: (1) the Battle of Jutland was won before the start; (2) the submarine menace, a very severe



Addison

THE CONFERENCE OF THE GOVERNORS OF THE BRITISH WEST AFRICAN COLONIES

This was the first conference of its kind, and was held at Lagos from August 10 to 18 under the chairmanship of Sir Bernard Bourdillon, Governor of Nigeria

The names in the picture are, l. to r.: (sitting) Sir Thomas Southern (Gambia), Sir Arnold Hodson (Gold Coast), Lady Southern, Sir Bernard Bourdillon, Lady Bourdillon, Sir Thomas Jardine (Sierra Leone); (standing) Mr. F. Humphreys, P.S. to Governor of Nigeria; Mr. H. Cooper, Assist. Colonial Sec., Gold Coast; Mr. D. C. Stewart, secretary to the Conference; Mrs. Edmett, Mr. J. Alexander, A.D.C., Mrs. Cooper, Mr. Fitzgerald, P.S. to Governor of Sierra Leone; Mr. E. B. Beetham, Assist. Colonial Sec., Sierra Leone; and Mr. E. A. Edmett, P.S. to the Governor, Gold Coast

one in 1916-17, is not comparable. We all deplore the loss of a fine ship, and still more the loss of so many gallant men, but omelettes never yet have been made without breaking a few eggs. We shall have to break many more eggs before this omelette is ready to be taken out of the frying-pan, but if we preserve a proper sense of proportion, we shall not mind the eggs. One thing we must remember: we own the golden-egg goose.



MISS THELMA REISS RETURNS FROM GERMANY

In consequence of recent happenings, the famous violinist and cello player abandoned all her programmes in Germany and Rumania, and returned to England at once. Miss Reiss has now arranged to broadcast in this country twice next month. The picture was taken at Plymouth



"DUKE'S SON, COOK'S SON, SON OF A BELTED EARL"—THEY "ARE ALL THE SAME TO-DAY"

L. to r.: Squadron-Leader the Earl of Lincoln, Flight-Lieutenant the Hon. Edward Ward, Pilot Officer the Hon. John Grimston, Squadron-Leader Viscount Acheson, Flying-Officer the Hon. Derek Keppel

Uniformery.

WHEREAS a uniform—air service or other—may convert a weak-kneed weed into a man, it may also, as we have been regretfully able to observe recently, convert a taut and attractive woman into a blousy bag. But the point I want to put is this; that it is not the uniformity of the uniform that destroys the femininity of the female, but the unsightly sight of some kinds of uniform. Some kinds of uniform are enchanting; many are pleasing. A waitress's uniform may look good, so may a housemaid's (though housemaids hardly ever know it), and many of the wartime women's organisations have hit on uniforms with a sufficiency of "oomph." There are few better-looking uniforms than a nurse's. But those uniforms which ape the cut and colour of the ones adopted by the military male are—it must be spoken,

however much we appreciate the valuable work of those who don them—a horror. The female tunic, with button breast-pockets contrived in khaki, is a particular offence which saddens the masculine heart at a time when it wants cheering up. In one of those sloppy sex-snuffers, the torso of the Venus de Milo would look like a sack of old boots.

I therefore appeal to those stern women who sit at desks to reconsider the uniforms of their subordinates and to grant one concession to the eye of the beholder by introducing new fashions where necessary. Surely, it is not beyond the wit of wartime woman to design uniforms which, like the nurse's, the waitress's and the housemaid's already mentioned, fulfil their purpose of consolidating *esprit*



CAPTAIN A. L. GRACIE
Scotland and Harlequins' great
Rugger three-quarter who won
thirteen International caps

de corps without destroying *attrait de corps*. Meanwhile we can only note the minor tragedy of seeing those who so recently appeared in the delightful fashions of the moment, transformed and trussed by wretchedly shoddy imitations of military garb.

Information.

Really all that one can say about the information about the air war is that there is no information, and that the Ministry of Information is without information about the future possibility of getting any information. That position may change. No doubt exists that information about the magnificent exploit of the Royal Air Force, when our aeroplanes attacked the German fleet in the Kiel district, was so badly mishandled that what was actually a brilliant success came to be regarded by the general public as something approaching a reverse. Obviously the Air Force itself is likely to be averse from publicity, but publicity is part of the national armaments in this war, and when we achieve a success the fullest facts should be given. Note that I say facts; we do not want "picture stories" or fine writing; we want facts.

After the Kiel show the Germans instantly gave certain facts as to the number of machines taking part in the raid and the number brought down. Our Ministry of Information made vague

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

and conflicting statements. It avoided giving a single *fact*. The inevitable result is that the facts given by the Germans cut through into the national consciousness, while the vague blah of the Ministry of Information had no effect. It may be that that will be a lesson and that we shall do better next time. In my opinion

we *must* do better, for publicity, as I have said, is one of the munitions of modern war.

The U.S.A. and Air War.

A remarkable case of far-sightedness occurred in the small book, "Can America Prevent Frightfulness from the Air?" by J. M. Spaight, which appeared about the second week in September. Most of the book—possibly all of it—was written before war broke out, and it depicts with close accuracy the course of events. The only thing in which it is not proved right is in the precise action which America would take to prevent the bombing of open towns from the air.

Mr. Spaight was Principal Assistant Secretary to the Air Ministry from 1934 to 1937, and he served in the War Office from 1901 to 1918. His book, "Air Power and War Rights," which was published in 1924, is probably the best known of his works, and my own copy has proved an important and always trustworthy work of reference on many of the knotty problems concerned with the employment of air power.

Flying Now.

It is probably true that the slogan, "Business as Usual," is unsuited to the conditions of modern war, wherein no business can really go on as usual. But in some instances it is of undoubted advantage to the nation that the greatest possible efforts should be used to keep the business as near usual as possible. Consequently it is good to see that commercial aviation has not entirely stopped, even in Great Britain, and that on the west side of the country a few permits have been issued to enable some kinds of civil flying to go on during the war. But there will be no flying for those pilots who cannot be used by the Royal Air Force or its ancillaries, and it will be, I think, impossible for them to maintain their "A" licences. These pilots do not number a great many, but they include a few older people who have taken up aviation late in life, simply as a sport. No doubt it will be to some extent a hardship to them not to be able to keep their licences, but it is a hardship that cannot be avoided.

Precisely what will happen with the air services run by neutral countries over routes adjacent to the belligerents it is impossible to predict. But there are signs on all sides that the neutral countries are determined to keep commercial aviation going if they can. Good luck to them, but let it be remembered that we have a far more important duty to fulfil, and that we can hardly be expected to be very interested in their activities while we are concerned with that duty.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT W. W.
WAKEFIELD, M.P.

The famous Rugger forward who
had thirty-one caps for England

ON THE HOME FRONT



SUB-OFFICER DESIRÉE ELLINGER
(MRS. GEOFFREY CARTE)



YET ANOTHER WARTIME WEDDING
A wedding group at Holme House: L. to r.—Miss Audrey Howard, Lieut. Pleydell-Bouverie, the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, Mrs. Marcus Beresford, Mrs. Karslake (the bride), Mr. Marcus Beresford, Mr. Ian Karslake (the bridegroom), Miss Pamela Lambert, Mrs. M. Howard (bride's mother), and Mrs. Arthur Fawcus



Harlip
MISS BETTYNE EVERARD, ENGAGED
TO LORD NEWTOWN-BUTLER



MISS A. G. WOOD, WHO FLEW
THE ATLANTIC TO JOIN UP



Catherine Bell
MISS ANNE STOPFORD, ENGAGED
TO MR. PETER HUNT

The Home Front is merely a euphemism, for there is only one front and we are all on it, and in this show up to our necks. Life goes on, and here are some of the people who are helping it to do that same, including two young people who have been recently wed. The rite was solemnised at Marylebone Town Hall, and the two people principally concerned were Mr. Ian Karslake and Miss Pamela Howard, and the reception was held at Holme House, where the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie has her abode. Sub-Officer Desirée Ellinger is, as we know, the well-known actress and the wife of the famous surgeon who is a brother of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, equally eminent in another sphere! The engagement of Sir Lindsay and Lady Everard's daughter to Lord Lanesborough's son and heir was announced on September 19. Miss A. G. Wood has probably accomplished a war record, for she came home on the wings of the wind (per "Atlantic Clipper") to join the A.F.S. the moment she heard the war was on. Miss Anne Stopford, yet another bride of the immediate future, is a daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Stopford, who is a brother of Lord Courtown



Bassano

MRS. R. MAULDING (MISS BERYL LAVERICK)

A recent portrait of the charming young actress who was married a short time ago in Worthing to Mr. Maulding, of Chelsea. As Miss Beryl Laverick the bride won fame when she was a schoolgirl of thirteen, and upon one occasion she had the honour of dancing before H.M. the late King George V. and Queen Mary at a Command Performance. In 1932 she won the Gold Medal of the Association of Operatic Dancing for Great Britain

IN a smart little country hotel, the ostler was smart, too, although not very young, and a visitor found him very capable and willing. "What part of the country do you come from, and how long have you been here?" he asked.

"I'm from Yorkshire," the ostler told him, "and I've been here just on twenty years."

"Really!" exclaimed the visitor. "I'm surprised that such a smart man as you has not become the boss of the hotel in that time."

"Ay," said the other, "but maister's from Yorkshire, too!"

The old man was leaving the cemetery when a younger man overtook him. "Well, old Jim's gone at last," said the younger man.

"Yes," replied the old man, "he was the last of my old friends. I've survived them all."

"How old are you?"

"Ninety-five next week."

"Ninety-five! It doesn't seem much use you going home."

What's a man who marries two wives, daddy?" asked the small boy. "A bigamist, my son," replied his father.

"And what's one who marries three?"

"A bigamystery."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A confirmed misogynist was lecturing about the South Sea islands. "Men," he said, "are so numerically superior to women that every girl can be sure of at least one husband." Addressing female members of his audience: "Even you might be able to get one."

An indignant young lady rose and stalked away. As she reached the door, the lecturer said: "Madam, there is no need for hurry; there isn't a boat till next week."

I say, barber," said the customer, who was having rather a rough shave, "have you got another razor?"

"Of course, sir," replied the barber. "Why?"

"I want to defend myself."

The novice boxer had been badly battered in the first round. His second tried to cheer him up.

"Good boy," he said, "you're doing fine."

He fared even worse in the second round. Still his second remained cheery.

"You were great that time," he said. "He barely laid a glove on you."

The novice looked puzzled. As he went out for the third round, he turned to his second. "Better keep your eye on the referee this time," he said. "Somebody is hitting me."

There was to be a christening-party in the home of a farmer. "Excuse me," said the minister, taking his host aside before the ceremony, "but are you prepared for this solemn event?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the farmer, "I've got two hams, sandwiches, cakes—"

"No, no! I mean spiritually prepared?"

"Well, I think so: two gallons of whisky, a case of gin, and three barrels of beer."

Here are some schoolboy howlers:

Henry the Seventh was cold and preserved. It is a good job he did not know what a contrast the next one would be.

A spinster is a business woman. They never have children of consequence.

England has always been known as a nation of shop-lifters.

Manna is a kind of honey something like locusts, but not such a plague.

A woman was being severely cross-examined by a smart young lawyer, who happened to know she was married to a burglar.

"And you married your husband knowing him to be a burglar?"

"Yes, I did. I was getting on in years, and it was a toss-up between a lawyer and a burglar, so what could a poor woman do?"



MISS JUDITH BARRETT OF THE PERFECT FIGURE

The lovely young Paramount actress who will be seen (war conditions permitting) in the film, *I'm From Missouri*, which was to be generally released on September 25. In the cast with her are Bob Burns, Gladys George and Patricia Morison

KEEPING THE GOLF BALL ROLLING UP NORTH BERWICK WAY



MRS. MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE
AND DAUGHTER SUSAN



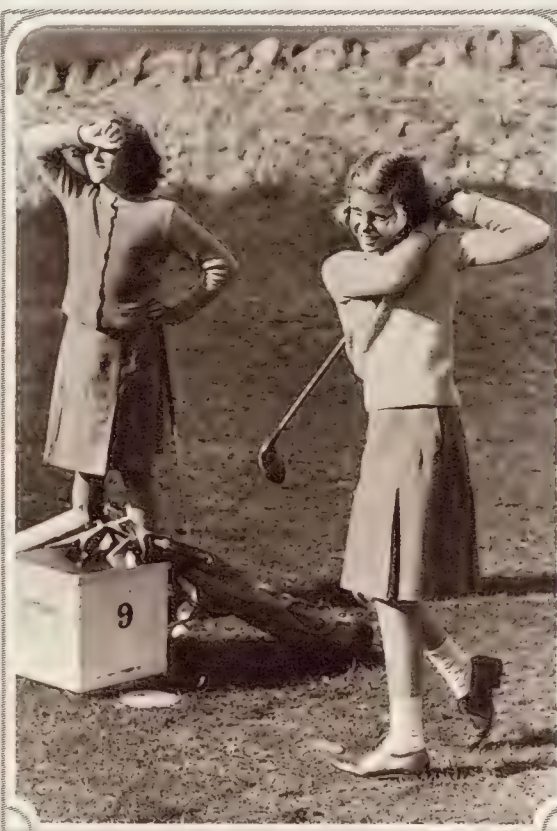
MISS EVELYN COATS AND HER SISTER, MRS. C. C. CLARKE,
WIFE OF SQ.-LEADER CLARKE



THE HON. MRS. DAVID HELY-
HUTCHINSON AND MRS. STEELE



MRS. HUBERT GRANT-SUTTIE
AND DAUGHTER OFF SHOPPING



WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?
ROSEMARY GRIMSTON AND MORAR
MALCOLM



MISS ROWENA DUTTON AND THE
HON. MRS. ARTHUR DUTTON

Photos: Balmain

Another page of sun-and-airy pictures, and as the region is not a military one, it is permissible to say that it was at North Berwick that they were taken. There is not a sign of war's alarms upon any face in this picture gallery. Mrs. McCorquodale and small daughter are a good example. Mr. Malcolm Stewart McCorquodale is the Member for Sowerby, Yorks, and a director of the famous paper firm, Blades, East and Blades. Miss Coats (seen with sister) is waiting for orders after having completed her training in tractor-driving. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Coats, of Paisley. The Hon. Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson married Lord Donoughmore's younger son, and she is with the widow of the late General Julian Steele. Mrs. Hubert Grant-Suttie, snapped when off on a foraging expedition with her daughter, is the wife of Colonel Hubert Grant-Suttie, who holds an important post at the War House, and he is a kinsman of the present baronet, Sir George. Of the two young enthusiasts in the centre picture at the bottom, Rosemary Grimston is a granddaughter of Anna Lady Newman and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grimston, and the other is Sir Michael and Lady Malcolm's younger daughter. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Dutton, complete with Peke, "Fordah," and daughter, is the widow of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton, a kinsman of Lord Sherborne

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Picture of Two Naughty Boys.

NOW that there is no chance of hoarding petrol, I can unfold the story of two naughty boys, well on in the 'forties. Picture one sucking feverishly at one end of three yards of rubber tubing, and then expectorating Ethyl. For the other end of the tube was dipped deeply in the tank of his car. The hoarding process was simple enough, for it only needed the fuel in the car's tank to be syphoned out into spare tins collected with so much difficulty that the hoarders reckoned that each gallon they'd collected had cost at least five shillings. Not content with the standard tins they had also acquired two extra tanks from the car-breakers. With all this they were only some 20 gallons up on those who were content to start the rationing period with full tanks.

Ring-a-Ring-Around-about.

Every single roundabout I passed on Western Avenue, London, recently bore signs of having been rammed during the hours of black-out. The reason for same was instantly apparent. The white safety lines down the by-pass stopped short some few yards from the roundabout railings or kerb. Nor could I see any sign painted on the road to warn drivers of the danger ahead. The result was that people nosed their way along the white line, missed it for a few yards, and before they realised what was happening had bumped into the roundabout. A possible solution would be to ring the road round the roundabout with a white safety line which should flow naturally from the by-pass white line.

Klu-Klux-Kars.

The pathetic efforts at blacking-out the headlamps of cars, adopted by a not inconsiderable number of motorists, need pillorying. One sees lamps tied up with bits of newspaper, toilet paper, old rags and even with inner tubes stretched over the glasses with their normal-sized ends hanging down or sideways. Presumably the inventors of this form of shield expected the beam of light to flow as easily as water in an indiarubber tube. This sort of slipshod interpretation of important, but admittedly often amended regulations, shows neither intelligence nor a proper appreciation of what a national emergency means.

Lord Baldwin and the Ice Chest.

Here's a story apropos of air-conditioning for motor-cars now in evidence on 1940 models. When Lord Baldwin was in America recently he told my friend Mr. Ready of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, that he felt the heat so much that he would appreciate an air-conditioned, i.e., cooled, car for his travels. The story goes that Ready procured a Cadillac and fixed a huge ice-box on the luggage container and platform. An electric fan was arranged to draw cool air from the ice-box via a length of hosepipe, and pump it in under the back seat of the car. Apparently this rough and "Ready" air-conditioning plant amply fulfilled the Baldwins' requirements.



Photos: Truman Howell

AN OLD YEOMANRY REGIMENT IN CAMP

Another picture of the same R.A. Field Regiment, formerly a Yeomanry unit. The C.O., Sir Patrick Coghill, is the sixth Baronet and has his seat at Castle Townshend, County Cork. He saw service with the Gunners in the last war, and as a special service officer from 1919 to 1925 in Turkey and Iraq. Names (l. to r.): Lt.-Col. Sir Patrick Coghill, Captain H. R. Prior (Adjutant), Captain P. T. Halford-Thompson (Adjutant of 2nd line), and the R.S.M.

WITH THE NTH FIELD REGIMENT, R.A., IN CAMP

The names in the group are (l. to r.): 2nd Lieut. S. Egar, 2nd Lieut. E. B. Marsh, 2nd Lieut. Lord de Ramsey, 2nd Lieut. W. R. Hanbury, 2nd Lieut. M. A. Crick, Captain J. L. Stephenson, Captain P. C. Crick, 2nd Lieut. D. G. Viney

Entirely New Hillman Minx.

At the start of this season it was said that one in three of the sales in the ten-horsepower class fell to the Hillman Minx. For this reason details of an entirely new Minx, priced from £165 to £210, are of interest. By adopting a new method of combining the body and platform type of frame, nearly one hundredweight has been saved, with a consequent gain in performance and economy. The new construction not only produces a feeling of

firmness and solidity on the road, but makes for greater strength and rigidity. The under-cover luggage accommodation has been doubled, which is an excellent point. The lid of the container also gives access to the spare wheel and tools, and remains open without extraneous adjustment. Another ingenious idea is the use of the tail-lamp to illuminate the interior of the container while still showing a safety light astern. A new radiator grille, smart and modern, opens in one with the bonnet, which is held to the scuttle by concealed springs. When raised the bonnet remains vertical automatically.

Twenty-Position Driving-Seat Adjustment.

There are twenty different positions for the driving seat on the *de luxe* models, for as the height of the seat is altered its rake also varies, and of course the usual forward and backward movement is retained. Horizontal glass window louvres on the *de luxe* models provide draughtless ventilation, while new door handles and door closing features have also been added. A new and better type of engine-mounting gives sturdy pulling on top gear at low speed without fuss. The power has been increased by raising the compression, a feature that still permits the use of low-grade fuel. Steering, gear-lever, and brakes have also received attention and refinement. The Bendix duo-servo brakes have a new and simple means of adjustment, and the hand-brake is fitted between the front seats. Finally, a twelve-volt electrical installation is standard.

Three models are available: a saloon of touring or *de luxe* type, and a drop-head coupé featuring a new folding head which is easy to operate and folds down flatter than its predecessors.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND READERS

Keep Cheerful—Keep Smiling!

PLEASE study the following notice:—

Owing to the rationing of paper, after October 7, newsagents will not be permitted to order copies of THE TATLER for chance sale. Therefore, in order to avoid disappointment our readers should now place a firm order with their usual newsagent for the regular delivery of THE TATLER each week.

Those desiring to have THE TATLER sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder:

**We just learn that the above restriction has been postponed for two weeks.*

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THE TATLER was first published in July, 1900. For over 39 years it has been doing its utmost to interest and amuse you, and we hope and believe that you, as well as ourselves, wish to continue the bonds of friendship which have arisen thereby, in these dark and difficult days. In the last Great War we had innumerable expressions of appreciation and gratitude from those serving overseas for providing them weekly with a light and cheering interlude. It reminded them of old days, old friends and old places. We have had equally gratifying letters from British men and women in the colonies and dependencies who speak of the paper as a link with home, a link with their English friends and English interests.

Dear Readers:

IT IS A LINK OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN US AT HOME
IT IS A LINK WITH HOME FOR THOSE FROM HOME

SO PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW AND SEND YOUR COPY ABROAD

The Highway of FASHION

By H.E. Brooks



Picture by Blake

AMONG the minor problems which are confronting women today is what to wear off duty. Something simple and at the same time warm is needed. Again there are those whose activities do not require a uniform. During the ensuing weeks "The Tatler" will help to solve these problems with the aid of the great fashion houses in London and the provinces. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are very busy. (By the way, they have an excellent air raid shelter.) They have an infinite variety of house frocks and wrappers, so suitable for the long, dark evenings. They can be slipped on in the fraction of a second. The one on the right is of chenille with a sliding fastening; hence it can be put on very quickly. It is 45s. 6d. in misty blue and other attractive shades. The seated figure is seen in a quilted rayon satin wrapper lined with taffeta, and of it one can become the possessor for £5 19s. 6d., while trouser house-coats are 49s. 6d.

THE GRACE THAT COMES FROM EAST

What a pleasure to slip on a Belt by Roussel, feel its sleek fit, its gentle massaging action! And look in your mirror — see for yourself how amazingly it moulds your figure in firm and lovely feminine curves. Make a gesture — note your new grace — the grace that comes from new-found ease in a Belt by Roussel.

The patented Airollasta tricot controls you gently but firmly and massages you continuously. A Belt by Roussel, exquisitely made by hand, is fashioned to your own measurements and according to your own personal foundation requirements. Nevertheless, a Belt by Roussel need cost you no more than 2 Gns.



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MISS BERYL BOUCHER

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Boucher, of 13 Pembridge Gardens, W.2., who is engaged to Mr. D. Holdsworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Holdsworth, of Bournemouth

M.C., and Mrs. Harter, of Highfields, Langham, Colchester.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Miss Bettyne Ione Everard, only daughter of Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P., D.L., J.P., and Lady Everard, of Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire, and Lord Newtown Butler, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, of Swithland Hall, Leicestershire. Also announced is the engagement between Lady Elisabeth Townshend, only daughter of the late Marquess Townshend, and the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, of Raynham Hall, Norfolk, and Mr. Eric Richard Meadows, second son of Sir Robert White, Bt., and Lady White, of Boulge Hall, Suffolk. Mr. D. Innes-Ker, younger son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, C.V.O., D.S.O., and of Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, 1 Oxford Square, W.2, and Miss Crista, de Paravicini, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Chandos de Paravicini, O.B.E., and Mrs. de Paravicini, of Birkholme Manor, Corby, Lincs; Mr. Albert Anthony Vickers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Vickers, of 38 Princes Gate, S.W.7, and Miss Irene Mary Mann-Thomson, daughter of Mrs. V. Fitzgerald, of Warhams, Rudgwick, Sussex, and the late Colonel W. D. Mann-Thomson, of Scalford Hall, Melton Mowbray; Captain Hugh Williams Cairns, son of the late Hon. Douglas Cairns and of Lady Constance Cairns, of Carnach, Nairn, and Miss Diana Katherine Soames, younger daughter of Captain A. Granville Soames, of Duckings, Withyham, Sussex; Mr. Ormond Oliver Postgate, of Cairo, son of the late Professor J. P. Postgate and of Mrs. Postgate, Coleridge Road, Cambridge, and Miss Patricia Mary Peet, daughter of the late Professor T. E. Peet and of Mrs. Peet, Bevington Road, Oxford; Mr. Alan Francis Phillpotts, of Devon, and Miss Diana Mary Barker, of Reading.



MR. AND MRS. VERNON F. ROYLE

After their recent wedding. The bride was formerly Miss Bridget Gwyn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gwyn, of Ripley, Surrey, and her husband is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Royle, of Stanmore Lodge, Lancaster



Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSAMUND MALUA NEAVE

Second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Neave, of Ingatesstone, Essex, who is engaged to Mr. E. N. Sheppard, youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Sheppard and Mrs. Philip Lofts, of 38 Montpelier Square

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

A Wedding in Spain Next Month.

The wedding will take place on October 12, at the Palace of the Infante and Infanta d'Orleans, Sanlucar, Spain, between Miss Doreen Everett, daughter of Mrs. Grace Everett, of Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, and Captain Ultano Kindelan, son of General and Mrs. Kindelan, of Madrid.

Friday Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Friday, at Langham Church, between Mr. David Stancomb, youngest son of Captain A. M. Stancomb, R.N., and Mrs. Stancomb, of Bush House, Spaxton, Bridgwater, Somerset, and Miss Anne Harter, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Harter, D.S.O.,



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You can't be a stay-at-home when you're wearing a "Sensation" foundation... it will give your oldest "rag" a something which simply shrieks for a showing among the smart set. You will find the best-dressed women of today insist upon seeing "Sensation" on their foundation... to slim and restrain yet allow all the figure-freedom they desire. Next week is Selfridge's "Sensation" Fashion Corsetry fitting week, with fitting experts in attendance. Make a note of the date now.

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New dinner gown in crêpe, with sequin embroideries, the gown has the new swathed corsage and sequin motif; coat richly embroidered on the yoke and sleeves. In black, new violet and various autumn colours **12½ gns.**

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Do not hoard 'Sanatogen'—that would be unpatriotic and unfair to others. But do not delay to buy enough for your own and your family's reasonable requirements. 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic Food keeps in perfect condition and is cheaper in the 'Family Jar' Size.

During the last Great War a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves".

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The word 'Sanatogen' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, and denotes their brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophosphate.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, whose temporary address is Lavershot Hall, Windlesham, Surrey, urgently needs funds to carry on allowances already promised to many sad and tragic cases who still look to them for the only help they can get. Please help them at this critical time—there are so many lonely people who need help.

* * *

In the grave issues which now confront the British Empire, the British Red Cross Society, of which H.M. The Queen is President, and the Order of St. John, have decided to work together as they did in the last war with results which are still within the memory of the public. With this object a Joint Emergency Committee has been set up, comprising an equal number of members of each body. Lord Cromer has consented to be the chairman of the committee with Major-General Sir John Kennedy as vice-chairman. In this war, which is so entirely different from any that has preceded it, it is impossible to foresee exactly where relief for the sick and wounded will be



MILLY SYLVIA REGIS DE OLIVEIRA

A snapshot of the daughter of H. E. the Brazilian Ambassador. She is particularly anxious to do war work but is debarred by her nationality



MISS ANN HICKMAN, M.F.H.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ann Hickman, joint-Master of the West Waterford, to Mr. Patrick Grey, son of the late Sir John and Lady Grey

most needed, or in what form. But it is certain that there will be vast suffering and distress and that the relief of the sick and wounded of His Majesty's Forces, and of the civilian population, will call for much voluntary effort and financial support.

Considerable voluntary help has already been secured, but it remains to find the money necessary to pursue the work. In the Great War, and indeed at all times, appeals made by the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John received the most generous response, showing that the heart of the Empire is with those who are risking their lives in support of the rights and liberties, not only of the peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but of the whole civilized world.

A fund is being opened in the name of the joint bodies. Donations should be sent to The Hon. Sir William H. Goschen, K.B.E., Hon. Treasurer, Red Cross and St. John Fund, at Messrs. Coutts & Co., 1 Park Lane, London, W.1.

* * *

To be published by Hurst and Blackett, on September 28, is a convincing indictment of the Soviet régime, a sensational and startling picture of Russia's industrial chaos, entitled "Red Pilot," which confirms Lindbergh's report of last September on Russia's Air Force.

In February, 1938, two military pilots, officers of the Red Army named Unishevsky and Guryev, escaped from Soviet Russia in a barely airworthy machine and landed in Esthonia. The circumstances which drove them to flight, the difficulties through which they went, and finally the adventurous flight itself are described by Lieutenant Vladimir Unishevsky in simple and convincing language.

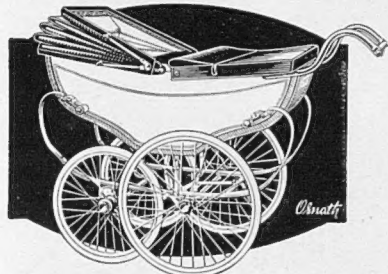
The author describes life in Soviet Russia with keen observation. The methods of the exploiters and the Terror—and of the Counter-Terror—of attack and parry—are all drawn for his readers as they really exist. This very topical book is the first to be written by a Soviet pilot, and it is a convincing indictment of the conditions of life in Russia today.

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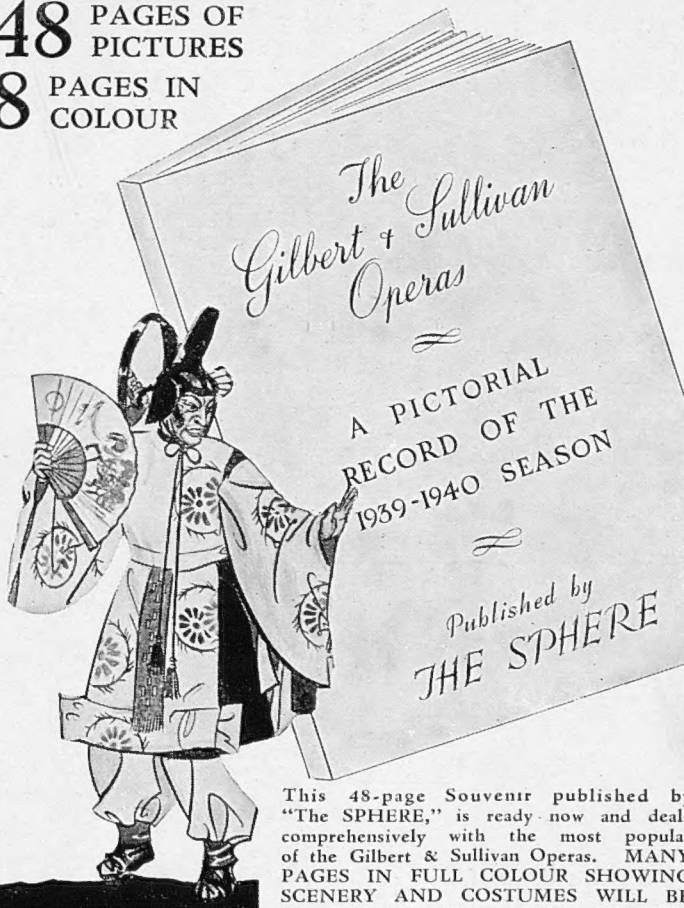
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SCOTTISH TERRIER

Property of Mrs. Bradney

During the season, Pointers won eighteen firsts. Irish Setters were not as prominent as usual, this being partly accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Nagle's team had to be withdrawn owing to Abbot's accident. However, they accounted for twelve firsts. Mrs. Holt's International F.T. Ch. Menai Fron Keane O'Moy won four firsts and two seconds. Naturally, all field trials are cancelled, but owners should keep—and, if possible, train—all promising young dogs in the expectation of the good days which must come.

The last show of this epoch, Harrogate, was a successful venture under the circumstances. Mr. Pye was put in a position of great difficulty and handled it well, helped by our Mrs. Pye. No fewer than eighteen judges were unable to attend, but their places were filled by those present. It is expected that the K.C. will make a pronouncement on breeding, in order to preserve the valuable strains for happier times.

The Scottish Terrier has lately become very popular as a show proposition, as well as a companion. Showing Scotties has become a great art, and not every one can succeed in putting them down correctly. As a companion the Scottie is second to none, as he is very intelligent and devoted to his owners, also hardy and long lived. Mrs. Bradney owns one of the best-known kennels of Scotties. She added to its strength by buying Mr. Cowley's famous kennel.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

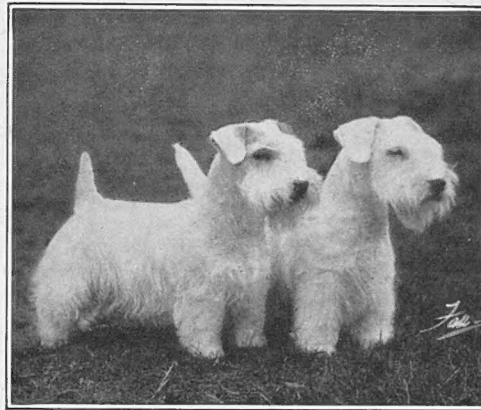
THE Pointer and Setter Trial Season which are just over produced two new F.T. champions; the Pointer F.T. Ch. Ginger of Rishangles, and the Irish Setter F.T. Ch. Garry of Burtown.

She does not believe in a large kennel and keeps only really good bitches, with half a dozen first-class stud dogs. The photograph is of her young dog Assaye Agitation, two years old; he has done very well in his show career, never being out of the first three. Mrs. Bradney usually has a few really high-class puppies for sale.

The Sealyham makes a delightful companion. He is specially suited for the country, as he likes country walks and is a very good sportsman. Mrs. Paylay has a well-known kennel of Sealyhams. All her dogs have sweet dispositions, and two of the most distinguished, Ch. Slendon Prima Donna and Slendon Popinjay, are house pets. Mrs. Baylay has sent a good many Sealyhams abroad, among others one to Germany, which won all he could at his first shows. Several have gone to America, Canada, South Africa, Italy, etc. Mrs. Baylay thinks no breed comes near the Sealyham as a companion, both for brains and entertainment.

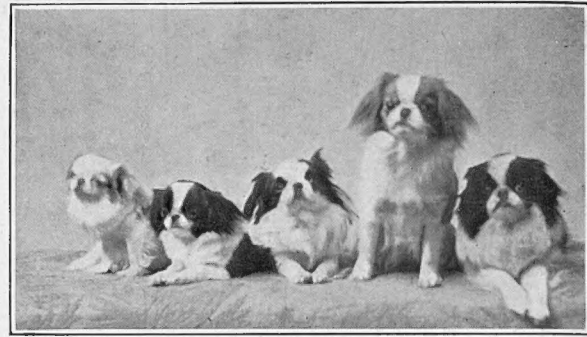
The Japanese Spaniel is one of the most charming of the Toy breeds, with some little mannerisms entirely his own. For some time he had the reputation of being extremely delicate; Mrs. Craufurd has exploded this idea by bringing up generations of healthy Japs at Rumbling Bridge, in Perthshire. They are given complete freedom like any other puppies, and run in and out all day. All are renowned for their good constitutions, several are good hunters, and one likes going out with the guns, though he finds a large rabbit a bit more than he can comfortably carry!

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SEALYHAMS

Property of Mrs. Baylay



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Property of Mrs. Craufurd

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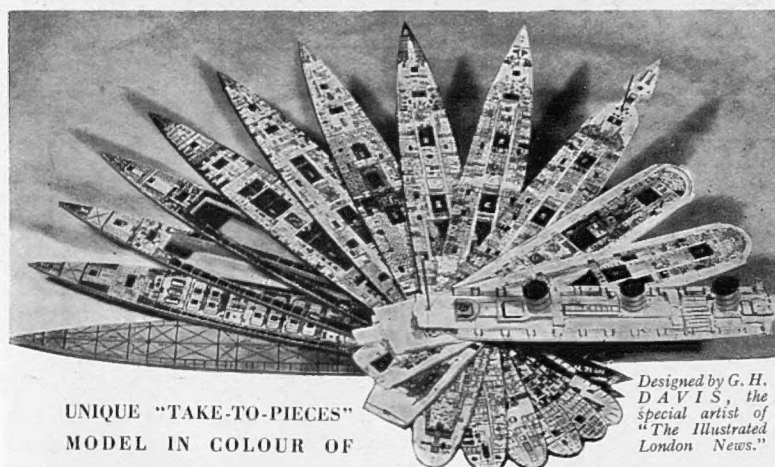
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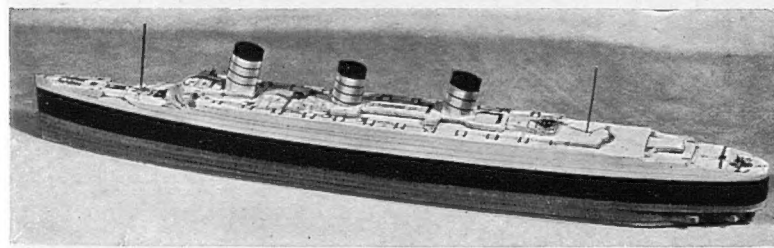
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